AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

JOURNAL,

FROM

Sept. 4, 1782, to *June* 28, 1786.

XX.

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Wedneſday, Sept. 4, 1782.

I Preached in the Market-houſe at *Tiverton*. Thurſday 5, at *Halberton*, *Taunton*, and *South-Brent*. Friday 6, about ten I preached at *Shipham*, a little town on the ſide of *Mendif*, almoſt wholly inhabited by Miners, who dig up *Lapis Calaminaris*. I was ſurprized to ſee ſuch a congregation, at ſo ſhort a warning; and their deep and ſerious attention ſeemed to be a preſage, that ſome of them will profit by what they hear. In the afternoon we went on to *Briſtol*.

Sunday 8. My brother read prayers and I preached to a very uncommon congregation. But a far more numerous one met near *King's-Square* in the evening, on whom I ſtrongly enforced, *Ye cannot ſerve God and Mammon.* Permit me to obſerve here, how you may diſtinguiſh, a genuine ſmall *Field's* Bible from a ſpurious one. The genuine reads here, *Ye can ſerve God and Mammon.* In the ſpurious the *not* is ſupplied.

Monday 9. About noon I preached at *Paulton*, where the flame is abated, but not quenched. The ſame is the caſe at *Shepton-Mallet*, where I preached in the evening. Tueſday 10, I went on to the ſimple-hearted Colliers at *Coleſford*, abundance of whom met at ſix in the evening, in a green Meadow, which was delightfully gilded by the rays of the ſetting ſun. Wedneſday 11, I preached to a large and ſerious congregation, at the end of the Preaching-houſe at *Frome*.

After preaching at *Road*, *Penſford*, *Trowbridge* and *Freſhford*, on Friday 13, I preached at *Bath*. Sunday 15, I had a far greater number of communicants than uſual. Both at this time, and in the afternoon and the evening ſervice, we had no common bleſſing.

On Monday and Tueſday I preached at *Chew-Magna*, at *Sutton*, *Stoke* and *Clutton*: in my way thither, I ſaw a famous monument of Antiquity, at *Stanton-Drew*, ſuppoſed to have remained there, between two and three thouſand years. It was undoubtedly a *Druid's* Temple, conſiſting of a ſmaller and larger circle of huge ſtones ſet an end, one would think by ſome power more than human. Indeed ſuch ſtones have been uſed for divine worſhip, nearly if not quite from the time of the flood. On the following days I preached at many other little places.

Sunday 22. After the ſervice at *Briſtol*, I haſtened to *Kingswood*, and preached a funeral ſermon, on *Jenny Hall*, a lovely young woman, who died in full triumph, and deſired a ſermon

might be preached on Rev. vii. 13, and following verſes.

On Monday, Tueſday and Wedneſday, I viſited the Claſſes, and was concerned to find, that for theſe two laſt years, the Society has been continually decreaſing. Thurſday 26, and the following days, I viſited the reſt of the Country Societies. For a day or two I was not well, but I went on with my work till Sunday, when I preached morning and evening at the New Room, and in the afternoon in *Temple* Church.

Tueſday, Oct. 1. I read, among the letters, in the evening, the ſtriking account of *Robert Roe's* death, a burning and a ſhining light while alive, but early numbered with the dead. Saturday 5, I viſited ſeveral that are yet in the body, but longing to depart and to be with Chriſt. But many have this year ſtepped before them. For forty years I do not know, that ſo many have, in the ſpace of one year, been removed to *Abraham's* boſom.

Sunday 6. I preached in *Temple* Church, between our own morning and evening ſervice. And I now found how to ſpeak here, ſo as to be heard by every one: direct your voice to the middle of the pillar fronting the pulpit.

Monday 7. I left *Briſtol* with much ſatisfaction, firmly believing that God will revive his work there. I preached at the *Devizes* about eleven, and in the evening at *Sarum*: Tueſday 8, at *Wincheſter*, and at *Portſmouth-Common*. Wedneſday 9. we took a wherry for the Iſle of *Wight*. There was ſea enough, which now and then waſhed over our boat. However in about an hour we landed ſafe, and walked on to *Newport*. This place ſeems now ripe for the goſpel: oppoſition is at an end. Only let our Preachers be men of faith and love, and they will ſee the fruit of their labours.

Friday 11. I returned to *Portſmouth*, took chaiſe the next morning, and in the afternoon came to *London*.

Monday 14. I went to *Wallingford*. The houſe was filled in the evening with much affected hearers. Shall all our labour here be in vain? Lord, thou knoweſt!

Tueſday 15. About noon I preached at *Oxford*. I have ſeen no ſuch proſpect here for many years. The congregation was large and ſtill as night, although many gentlemen were among them. The next evening the houſe would not contain the congregation. Yet all were quiet, even thoſe that could not come in. And I believe God not only opened their underſtandings, but began a good work in ſome of their hearts.

Wedneſday 16. I preached at *Witney*, one of the livelieſt places in the Circuit, where I always find my own ſoul refreſhed.

I ſaw ſuch a garden at *Oxford*, as I verily believe, all *England* cannot parallel. It is triangular, and I conjecture, contains about an acre of ground; it is filled with fruit trees of various ſorts, and all excellent in their kinds. But it is odd beyond all deſcription; and ſuperlatively whimſical. The owner has crouded together pictures, ſtatues, urns, and antiques of various kinds: for all which why ſhould not Mr. *Badcock's* name, as well as Mr. *Robert's*, be conſigned to poſterity?

Thurſday 17. I preached at *Tame*: this evening and the next at *High Wycombe*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday 21. I preached at *Tunbridge-Wells*. Tueſday 22, at *Sevenoaks*: Wedneſday 23, I viſited the houſe of mourning at *Shoreham*, and read the ſtrange account at firſt hand. Not long after his former wife died, Mr. *H.* paid his addreſſes to Miſs *B.* He had been intimately acquainted with her for ſome years. By immenſe aſſiduity, and innumerable profeſſions of the tendereſt affection, he by ſlow degrees gained her's.

her's. The time of marriage was fixed. The ring was bought. The wedding clothes were ſent to her. He came on Thurſday, a few days before the wedding-day, and ſhewed the moſt eager affection. So he did on Saturday. He came again on the Wedneſday following, ſat down very careleſs on a chair, and told her with great compoſure, That he did not love her at all, and therefore could not think of marrying her. He talked a full hour in the ſame ſtrain, and then walked away!

Her brother ſent a full account of this to Miſs *Perronet*, who read it with perfect calmneſs, comforted her niece, and ſtrongly exhorted her to continue ſtedfaſt in the faith. But the grief, which did not outwardly appear, preyed the more upon her ſpirits, till three or four days after, ſhe felt a pain in her breaſt, lay down, and in four minutes died. One of the ventricles of her heart burſt: ſo ſhe literally died of *a broken heart.*

When old Mr. *Perronet* heard, that his favourite child, the ſtay of his old age, was dead, he broke out into praiſe and thankſgiving to God, who had "taken another of his children out of this evil world!"

But Mr. *H.* meantime has done nothing amiſs. So both himſelf and his friends ſay!

Friday 25. I returned to *London*, and was glad to find Mr. *Edward Smyth* and his family, juſt come from *Dublin*. Sunday 27, At ten I took coach, reached *Norwich* on Monday noon, and preached at ſix in the evening. I ſtayed there on Tueſday, and Wedneſday 30, went on to *Yarmouth*, where were the largeſt congregations I had ſeen for many years. Thurſday 31, I went on to *Loſtaffe*, which is at preſent far the moſt comfortable place in the whole circuit. Friday, Nov. 1, Mr. *Smyth* and his wife gave us a ſtrange account. A little before they were married, her brother *Samuel* was about eight years old. One evening

evening, as ſhe was with Mr. *Smyth*, in one of the Rows at *Yarmouth*, both of them ſaw *Samuel* ſtanding, five or ſix yards off. She cried out, "*Sammy*, come hither: I want you," but inſtantly he was gone. Juſt then he fell into the river. A large water-dog which was on the bridge, directly leaped off, ſwam about, and ſought him, but could not find him. He then came out, and ran to his mother's houſe howling: nor would he leave her, till he was put out by force.

Saturday 2. About nine I preached at *Cove*, a village nine or ten miles from *Loſtaffe*: the poor people preſently filled the houſe, and ſeemed to devour every word. About one I preached at *Loddon*, and at *Norwich* in the evening.

Sunday 3. I adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper to about an hundred and forty communicants. I preached at half paſt two, and again in the evening: after which I requeſted them to go away in ſilence, without any one ſpeaking to another. They took my advice. They went away in profound ſilence, ſo that no ſound was heard, but that of their feet.

Monday 4. At five in the morning, the congregation was exceeding large. That in the evening ſeemed ſo deeply affected, that I hope *Norwich* will again lift up its head. At nine we took coach, and before eleven, on Tueſday 4, reached *Colcheſter*. In order to ſtrengthen this poor feeble Society, I ſtayed with them till Friday, preaching morning and evening, and viſiting in the day as many as I could, ſick or well. I divided the Claſſes anew, which had been ſtrangely and irregularly jumbled together; appointed Stewards, regulated temporal as well as ſpiritual things, and left them in a better way than they had been for ſeveral years.

Monday 17, and the following days, I viſited the Societies in and about *London*.

Sunday

Sunday 24. I preached at St. *Clement's* in the *Strand*, the largeſt church I ever preached in at *London*, except (perhaps,) St. *Sepulcher's*; to an immenſe congregation. I fully diſcharged my own ſoul, and afterwards took coach for *Northamptonſhire*. On Monday 25, I preached at *Towceſter*: on Tueſday at *Whittlebury*, ſo called. But the true name of the town is *Whittle*: on Wedneſday at *Northampton*, and on Thurſday I returned to *London*. Friday 29, I preached at *Highgate*, in the palace built in the laſt century by that wretched Duke of *Lauderdale*: now one of the moſt elegant boarding-houſes in *England*. But alas! It is not *Publow*!

Monday, Dec. 3. I preached at St. *Neot's*, in *Huntingdonſhire*. Tueſday 3, at *Bugden* about one, and in the evening at *Huntingdon*. Two Clergymen were there, with one of whom I had much ſerious converſation. Wedneſday 4, I preached with great enlargement of ſpirit, to my old congregation at *Bedford*. Thurſday 5, with ſome difficulty I croſſed the country to *Hinxworth*, and preached to fifty or ſixty plain people, who ſeemed very willing to learn. In the afternoon, it being impoſſible to drive a chaiſe ſtrait round to *Luton*, I was obliged to go many miles about, and ſo did not reach it till after ſix o'clock. So I went directly to the preaching-houſe, and began without delay enforcing thoſe ſolemn words, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

Friday 6. I could procure no other conveyance to St. *Alban's*, but in an open chaiſe. And hence (the froſt being very ſharp,) I contracted a ſevere cold. Monday 9, I had a better conveyance into *Kent*. In the evening I preached at *Canterbury*: on Tueſday at *Dover*: the next day at *Canterbury* again. On Thurſday 12, and on Friday morning I preached at *Chatham*, and in the afternoon returned to *London*.

Saturday

Saturday 14. I found the cold which I had contracted in the way to St. *Alban's*, exceedingly increaſed, having a deep and violent cough, which continued at intervals, till Spring.

Monday 16. I retired to *Hoxton* for a few days. Thurſday 19, about eleven at night, a gun was fired at our chamber window, and at the ſame time, a large ſtone thrown through it, (probably in ſport, by ſome that had been drinking.) I preſently went to ſleep again.

Saturday 21. I viſited Mr. *Maxfield*, ſtruck with a violent ſtroke of a palſy. He was ſenſeleſs and ſeemed near death. But we beſought God for him, and his ſpirit revived, I cannot but think, in anſwer to prayer. Sunday 29, I buried the remains of *Thomas Forſit*, a rich, and yet a generous man. He was unwearied in well-doing, and in a good old age, without any pain or ſtruggle fell aſleep. Tueſday 31. We concluded the year with a ſolemn Watch-night.

Wedneſday, Jan. 1, 1783. May I begin to live to-day! Sunday 5. We met to renew our Covenant with God. We never meet on this occaſion without a bleſſing. But I do not know that we had ever ſo large a congregation before.

Friday 10. I paid one more viſit to Mr. *Perronet*, now in his 90th year. I do not know ſo venerable a man. His underſtanding is little, if at all impaired, and his heart ſeems to be all love. A little longer I hope he will remain here, to be a bleſſing to all that ſee and hear him.

Sunday 19. I preached at St. *Thomas's* church in the afternoon, and at St. *Swithin's* in the evening. The tide is now turned, ſo that I have more invitations to preach in Churches than I can accept of.

Saturday, Feb. 1. I drank tea at Mr. *A*——'s, in the *Maze-pond, Southwark*. But both Mr. *A*— and his wife informed me, they were determined to quit the houſe as ſoon as poſſible, by reaſon

of

of ſtrange noiſes, which they heard day and night, but in the night chiefly, as if all the tables and chairs had been thrown up and down, in the rooms above and under them.

Sunday 2. Mr. *Maxfield* continuing ill, I preached this afternoon at his chapel. Prejudice ſeems now dying away. God grant it may never revive. Tueſday 11, I buried the remains of *Sarah Clay*, many years a mother in *Iſrael*; the laſt of thoſe holy women, who, being filled with love, forty years ago devoted themſelves wholly to God, to ſpend and be ſpent in his ſervice. Her death was like her life, calm and eaſy. She was dreſſing herſelf, when ſhe dropped down and fell aſleep.

Monday 17. I had an opportunity of attending the Lecture of that excellent man, Dr. *Conyers*. He was quite an original: his *matter* was very good, his *manner* very bad. But it is enough, that God owned him, both in the conviction and converſion of ſinners.

Thurſday 20. I went to *Dorking*, and in the afternoon took a walk through the lovely gardens of Lord *Grimſtone*. His father-in-law, who laid them out, is ſome time ſince numbered with the dead. And his ſon-in-law, living elſewhere, has not ſo much as *the beholding them with his eyes!*

Friday 21. At our yearly meeting for that purpoſe, we examined our yearly accounts, and found the money received, (juſt anſwering the expence) was upwards of three thouſand pounds a year. But that is nothing to *me*. What I receive of it yearly, is neither more nor leſs than thirty pounds.

To-day *Charles Greenwood* went to reſt. He had been a melancholy man all his days, full of doubts and fears, and continually writing bitter things againſt himſelf. When he was firſt taken ill, he ſaid, He ſhould die, and was miſerable through fear of death: but two days before he

died,

died, the clouds diſperſed, and he was unſpeakably happy, telling his friends, "God has revealed to me things, which it is impoſſible for man to utter." Juſt when he died, ſuch glory filled the room, that it ſeemed to be a little heaven: none could grieve or ſhed a tear, but all preſent appeared to be partakers of his joy.

Monday 24. I buried the remains of Captain *Cheeſement*, one, who, ſome years ſince from a plentiful fortune, was by a train of loſſes utterly ruined. But two or three friends enabling him to begin trade again, the tide turned; he proſpered greatly, and riches flowed in on every ſide. A few years ago he married one equally agreeable in her perſon and temper. So what had he to do, but enjoy himſelf? Accordingly he left off buſineſs, took a large, handſome houſe, and furniſhed it in a moſt elegant manner. A little while after ſhewing his rooms to a friend, he ſaid, "All this will give ſmall comfort in a dying hour." A few days after he was taken with a fever. I ſaw him twice. He was ſenſible, but could not ſpeak. In ſpite of all means, he grew worſe and worſe, and in about twelve days died. So within a few days we loſt two of our richeſt, and two of our holieſt members: *Sarah Clay*, and good old *George Hufflet*, who had been for many years a burning and a ſhining light. He lay fourteen weeks praiſing God continually, and had then a triumphant entrance into his kingdom.

Sunday, March 2. In the evening I took coach, and the next evening preached at *Bath*. Thurſday 6, I went on to *Briſtol*, and found a family of love, ſo united as it had not been for ſome years. The next week I met the Claſſes, and on Friday had a Watch-night at *Kingſwood*. But I was far from being well, the cold which I caught in coming from *Luton*, rather increaſing than decreaſing. Saturday 15, I had a deep, tearing cough, and was exceeding heavy and weak.

weak. However I made ſhift to preach at *Weaver's-Hall*, and to meet the penitents. Sunday 15, I found myſelf conſiderably worſe. However I preached in the morning, but had ſuch a fever in the afternoon, that I was obliged to take my bed.

I now knew not what to do, having fixt the next morning for beginning my journey into *Ireland*, and ſent notice to *Stroud*, *Glouceſter*, and various other places, of the days wherein I purpoſed to viſit them! But Mr. *Collins* kindly undertook to ſupply my place at *Stroud*, and the other places, as far as *Worceſter*.

Lying down in bed I took part (being able to ſwallow no more) of a draught which was prepared for me. It gave me four or five and twenty ſtools, and a moderate vomit, after which I fell faſt aſleep. Monday 17. Mr. *Collins* ſet out. About ſix in the morning, finding myſelf perfectly eaſy, I ſet out in the afternoon, and overtook him at *Stroud*. But it was as much as I could do; for I was in a high fever, though without any pain. After giving a ſhort exhortation to the Society, I was very glad to lie down. My fever was exactly of the ſame kind with that I had in the North of *Ireland*. On Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday and Thurſday, I was juſt the ſame: the whole nervous ſyſtem was violently agitated. Hence aroſe the cramp, with little intermiſſion, from the time I lay down in bed till morning. Alſo a furious, tearing cough, uſually recurring before each fit of the cramp. And yet I had no pain in my back, or head, or limbs, the cramp only excepted. But I had no ſtrength at all, being ſcarce able to move, and much leſs to think. In this ſtate I lay, till on Friday morning, when a violent fit of the cramp carried the fever quite away. Perceiving this, I took chaiſe without delay, and reached *Worceſter* in the afternoon. Here I overtook Mr. *Collins* again, who had ſupplied all

my appointments, and with a remarkable bleſſing to the people. But being much exhauſted, I found reſt was ſweet. Saturday 22, in the morning I gave a ſhort exhortation, and then went on to *Birmingham*.

Sunday 23. Finding ſtill ſome remains of the fever, with a load and tightneſs acroſs my breaſt, and a continual tendency to the cramp, I procured a friend to electrify me thoroughly, both through the legs and the breaſt, ſeveral times in the day. God ſo bleſſed this, that I had no more fever or cramp, and no more load or tightneſs acroſs my breaſt. In the evening I ventured to preach three quarters of an hour, and found no ill effect at all!

Tueſday 25. In the afternoon I reached *Hilton-Park*, about ſix miles North of *Wolverhampton*. Here I found my old acquaintance, Miſs *Freeman*, (whom I had known almoſt from a child) with Sir *Philip Gibbes's* Lady, and his two amiable daughters, in a lovely receſs. With theſe I ſpent this evening and the next day, both profitably and agreeably.

Thurſday 27. I croſſed over the country to *Hinkley*, and preached in the evening, in the neat, elegant Preaching-houſe. So I did morning and evening on the three following days, to a ſerious, well-behaved people.

Here I met with Dr. *Horne's* Commentary on the *Pſalms*: I ſuppoſe the beſt that ever was wrote. Yet I could not comprehend his aggrandizing the *Pſalms*, it ſeems even above the New Teſtament. And ſome of them he hardly makes any thing of; the eighty-ſeventh in particular.

Tueſday, April 1. &c. I went through ſeveral of the Societies, till I reached *Holyhead*, on Friday 11. We went on board without delay, and on Sunday morning the 13th, landed at *Dunlary*: whence (not being able to procure a carriage) I walked on to *Dublin*.

Here

Here I ſpent two or three weeks with much ſatisfaction, in my uſual employments. Monday 21, I ſpent an hour with Mr. *Shelton*, I think full as extraordinary a man as Mr. *Law:* of full as rapid a genius, ſo that I had little to do but *to hear:* his words flowing as a river.

Tueſday 29. Our little Conference began and continued till Friday, May 2. All was peace and love, and I truſt the ſame ſpirit will ſpread through the nation.

Saturday 3. I made a little excurſion to a Nobleman's ſeat, a few miles from *Dublin*. It may doubtleſs vie in elegance, if not in coſtlineſs, with any ſeat in *Great-Britain*. But the miſerable maſter of the whole has little ſatisfaction therein. God hath ſaid, "Write this man childleſs." For whom then does he heap up theſe things? He is himſelf growing old.

"And muſt he leave this paradiſe? Then leave
Theſe happy ſhades, and manſions fit for gods?"

Sunday 4. There was an Ordination at St. *Patrick's*. I admired the ſolemnity wherewith the Archbiſhop went through the ſervice. But the vacant faces of the ordained, ſhewed how little they were affected thereby. In the evening multitudes met, to renew their Covenant with God. But here was no vacant face to be ſeen. For God was in the midſt, and manifeſted himſelf to many; particularly to a daughter of good *William Penington*.

Monday 5. We prepared for going on board the Pacquet. But as it delayed ſailing, on Tueſday 6, I waited on Lady *Arabella Denny*, at the *Black Rock*, four miles from *Dublin*. It is one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots I ever ſaw. The garden is every thing in miniature. On one ſide is a grove with ſerpentine walks; on the other a little meadow and a green-houſe with a Study (which ſhe calls her Chapel) hanging over the

ſea. Between theſe is a broad walk, leading down almoſt to the edge of the water: along which run two narrow walks, commanding the Quay, one above the other. But it cannot be long before this excellent Lady will remove to a nobler paradiſe.

The unuſually large congregation in the evening, was plentifully watered with the dew of heaven. I found a particular concern for the children, many of whom willingly attended.

Wedneſday 7. The Pacquet ſtill delaying, I exhorted a large congregation in the evening, to take care how they *built their houſe upon the ſand:* and then cheerfully commended them to the grace of God!

Thurſday 8. We roſe at one, went down to the Quay at two, and about four went on board the *Hillſborough* Pacquet. About five the wind turned fair, and between five and ſix in the evening brought us to *Holyhead*. About ſeven we took coach, and the next evening met our friends at *Cheſter*.

Monday 12. About eight I preached at *Preſton in the Hill;* about twelve in *Warrington*, and in the evening at *Liverpool*. Here the ſcandal of the croſs ſeems to be ceaſed, and we are grown honourable men. Thurſday 15, I preached about noon at *Wigan*. and in the evening at *Bolton*, to a people much alive to God. Saturday 17, I went on to *Mancheſter*. Sunday 18, Mr. *Bailey* came very opportunely, to aſſiſt me in the morning ſervice. Such a ſight I believe was never ſeen at *Mancheſter* before. It was ſuppoſed there were thirteen or fourteen hundred communicants, among whom there was ſuch a ſpirit as I have ſeldom found, and their whole behaviour was ſuch as adorned the goſpel.

Tueſday 20. I met the Society Select, conſiſting of between forty and fifty members. Several of theſe were lately made partakers of the great ſalvation, as ſeveral were above twenty years ago.

ago. I believe there is no place but *London*, where we have ſo many ſouls ſo deeply devoted to God. And his hand is not ſhortened yet, but his work rapidly increaſes on every ſide.

About noon I preached at *Stockport*, and in the afternoon in the New Church at *Macclesfield*. This Society ſeems as lively as even that at *Manchester*, and increaſes nearly as faſt. Not a week paſſes wherein ſome are not juſtified, and ſome renewed in love. Wedneſday 20, I met a few of theſe, and found them indeed

"All praiſe, all meekneſs, and all love."

In the evening I exhorted them all, to expect pardon or holineſs, *to-day*, not *to-morrow*. O let their love never grow cold!

Friday 23. I ſet out for *Derby*: but the Smith had ſo effectually lamed one of my horſes, that many told me, he would never be able to travel more. I thought, "Even this may be made matter of prayer," and ſet out cheerfully. The horſe inſtead of growing worſe and worſe, went better and better: and in the afternoon, (after I had preached at *Leake* by the way) brought me ſafe to *Derby*.

Saturday 24. Being deſired to marry two of our friends at *Buxton*, two and thirty miles from *Derby*, I took chaiſe at three, and came thither about eight. I found notice had been given of my preaching in the Church; and the Miniſter deſired me to read prayers. By this means I could not leave *Buxton* till eleven, nor reach *Nottingham* till after ſeven, whereas I was to have preached at ſix. But Mr. *Brackenbury* came to town, juſt in time to ſupply my place.

Sunday 25. I had an eaſy day's work, as Mr. *Bailey* aſſiſted me, by reading prayers and delivering the wine at the Lord's table.

Tueſday 27. I preached at *Loughborough* in the morning, and at *Mountſorrel* at one. While I was preaching, the rain which was ſo much wanted, began, and continued for eight and forty hours. In the evening I preached at *Leiceſter*, where I always feel much liberty, and yet ſee but little fruit. After preaching at *Northampton*, *Bedford*, and *Hinxworth*, on Saturday 31, I returned to *London*.

Sunday, June 1. I was refreſhed by the very ſight of the congregation at the New Chapel. Monday 2, and the following days, I employed in ſettling my buſineſs, and preparing for my little excurſion. Wedneſday 11, I took coach with Mr. *Brackenbury*, *Broadbent*, and *Whitfield*; and in the evening we reached *Harwich*. I went immediately to Dr. *Jones*, who received me in the moſt affectionate manner: about nine in the morning we ſailed, and at nine on Friday 13, landed at *Helvoetſloys'*. Here we hired a coach for *Briel*, but were forced to hire a waggon alſo, to carry a box, which one of us could have carried on his ſhoulders. At *Briel* we took a boat to *Rotterdam*. We had not been long there, when Mr. *Bennet*, a Bookſeller, who had invited me to his houſe, called for me. But has Mr. *Loyal*,, the Miniſter of the Scotch congregation, had invited me, he gave up his claim, aud went with us to Mr. *Loyal's*. I found a friendly, ſenſible, hoſpitable, and I am perſuaded, a pious man. We took a walk together round the town, all as clean as a Gentleman's parlour. Many of the houſes are as high as thoſe in the main ſtreet at *Edinburgh*; and the canals running through the chief ſtreets make them convenient as well as pleaſant: bringing the Merchants goods up to their doors. Stately trees growing on their banks. The whole town is encompaſſed with a double row of elms, ſo that one may walk all round it in the ſhade.

Saturday

Saturday 14. I had much converſation with the two *Engliſh* Miniſters, ſenſible, well-bred, ſerious men. Theſe, as well as Mr. *Loyal*, were very willing I ſhould preach in their Churches; but they thought it would be beſt for me to preach in the Epiſcopal Church. By our converſing freely together, many prejudices were removed, and all our hearts ſeemed to be united together.

In the evening we again took a walk round the town, and I obſerved, 1. Many of the houſes are higher than moſt in *Edinburgh*. It is true, they have not ſo many ſtories; but each ſtory is far loftier. 2. The ſtreets, the outſide and inſide of their houſes in every part, doors, windows, well-ſtair-caſes, furniture, even floors are kept ſo nicely clean, that you cannot find a ſpeck of dirt. 3. There is ſuch a grandeur and elegance in the fronts of the large houſes, as I never ſaw elſewhere; and ſuch a profuſion of marble within, particularly in their lower floors and ſtair-caſes, as I wonder other nations do not imitate. 4. The women and children (which I leaſt of all expected) were in general the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw. They were ſurprizingly fair, and had an inexpreſſible air of innocence in their countenance. 5. This was wonderfully ſet off by their dreſs, which was *ſimplex munditis*, plain and neat, in the higheſt degree. 6. It has lately been obſerved, that growing vegetables greatly reſiſt putridity. So there is an uſe in their numerous rows of trees, which was not thought of at firſt. The elms balance the canals; preventing the putrefaction, which thoſe otherwiſe might produce.

One little circumſtance I obſerved, which I ſuppoſe is peculiar to *Holland*. To moſt chamber-windows a looking-glaſs is placed on the outſide of the ſaſh, ſo as to ſhew the whole ſtreet, with all the paſſengers: there is ſomething very pleaſing

pleaſing in theſe moving pictures. Are they found in no other country?

Sunday 15. The Epiſcopal Church is not quite ſo large as the Chapel in *Weſt-Street*. It is very elegant both without and within. The ſervice began at half paſt nine. Such a congregation had not often been there before. I preached on, *God created man in his own image*. The people "Seemed, all but their attention, dead." In the afternoon the Church was ſo filled, as (they informed me) it had not been for theſe fifty years. I preached on, *God hath given us eternal life: and this life is in his Son*. I believe God applied it to many hearts. Were it only for this hour, I am glad I came to *Holland*.

One thing which I peculiarly obſerved was this, and the ſame in all the Churches in *Holland*. At coming in, no one looks on the right or the left hand, or bows or curtſies to any one: but all go ſtraight forward to their ſeats, as if no other perſon was in the place. During the ſervice, none turns his head on either ſide, or looks at any thing, but his book or the Miniſter. And in going out, none takes notice of any one, but all go ſtraight forward till they are in the open air.

After Church an *Engliſh* Gentleman invited me to his country-ſeat, not half a mile from the town. I ſcarce ever ſaw ſo pretty a place. The garden before the houſe was in three partitions, each quite different from the others. The houſe lay between this and another garden, (nothing like any of the others) from which you looked through a beautiful ſummer-houſe, waſhed by a ſmall ſtream, into rich paſtures filled with cattle. We ſat under an arbour of ſtately trees, between the front and the back gardens. Here were four ſuch children (I ſuppoſe ſeven, ſix, five, and three years old) as I never ſaw before in one family. Such inexpreſſible beauty and innocence ſhone together!

In

In the evening I attended the ſervice of the great *Dutch* Church, as large as moſt of our Cathedrals. The organ (like thoſe in all the *Dutch* Churches) was elegantly painted and gilded. And the tunes that were ſung, were very lively, and yet ſolemn.

Monday 16. We ſet out in a track-ſkuit for the *Hague*. By the way we ſaw a curioſity. The gallows near the Canal, ſurrounded with a knot of beautiful trees. So the dying man will have one pleaſant proſpect here, whatever befals him hereafter! At eleven we came to *Delft*, a large, handſome town; where we ſpent an hour at a Merchant's houſe: who, as well as his wife, a very agreeable woman, ſeemed both to fear and to love God. Afterwards we ſaw the great Church, I think, nearly if not quite as long as *York* Minſter. It is exceeding light and elegant within, and every part is kept exquiſitely clean. The tomb of *William* the Firſt is much admired, particularly his ſtatue, which has more life than one would think could be expreſſed in braſs.

When we came to the *Hague*, though we had heard much of it, we were not diſappointed. It is indeed beautiful beyond expreſſion. Many of the houſes are exceeding grand, and are finely intermixt with water and wood: yet not too cloſe, but ſo as to be ſufficiently ventilated by the air.

Being invited to tea by Madam *de Vaſſenaar* (one of the firſt quality in the *Hague*,) I waited upon her in the afternoon. She received us with that eaſy openneſs and affability, which is almoſt peculiar to Chriſtians, and perſons of quality. Soon after came ten or twelve ladies more, who ſeemed to be of her own rank, (though dreſſed quite plain,) and two moſt agreeable gentlemen: one of whom, I afterwards underſtood, was a Colonel in the Prince's Guards. After tea I expounded the three firſt verſes of the thirteenth

of

of the firſt epiſtle to the *Corinthians*; Captain *M'* interpreted, ſentence by ſentence. I then prayed, and Colonel *V.* after me. I believe this hour was well employed.

Tueſday 17. As we walked over *the Place*, we ſaw the *Swiſs* Guards at their exerciſe. They are a fine body of men, taller, I ſuppoſe, than any *Engliſh* regiment. And they all wear large whiſkers, which they take care to keep as black as their boots. Afterwards we ſaw the Gardens at the Old Palace, beautifully laid out, with a large piece of water in the middle, and a canal at each end: the open walks in it are pleaſant, but the ſhady, ſerpentine walks are far pleaſanter.

We dined at Mrs. *L*———'*s*, in ſuch a family as I have ſeldom ſeen. Her mother, upwards of ſeventy, ſeemed to be continually rejoicing in God her Saviour. The daughter breathes the ſame ſpirit: and her grand children, three little girls and a boy, ſeem to be all love. I have not ſeen four ſuch children together in *England*. A gentleman coming in after dinner, I found a particular deſire to pray for him. In a little while, he melted into tears, as indeed did moſt of the company. Wedneſday 18. In the afternoon Madam *de Vaſſenaar* invited us to a meeting at a neighbouring Lady's houſe. I expounded Gal. vi. 14, and Mr. *M.* interpreted as before.

Thurſday 19. We took boat at ſeven. Mrs. *L.* and one of her relations, being unwilling to part ſo ſoon, bore us company to *Leyden*, a large and populous town, but not ſo pleaſant as *Rotterdam*. In the afternoon we went on to *Haerlem*, where a plain, good man and his wife received us in a moſt affectionate manner. At ſix we took boat again. As it was filled from end to end, I was afraid we ſhould not have a very pleaſant journey. After Mr. *Ferguſon* had told the people who we were, we made a ſlight excuſe and ſung an hymn. They were all attention. We then talked a little, by means

of our Interpreter, and desired that any of them who pleased would sing. Four persons did so, and sung well: after awhile we sung again. So did one or two of them: and all our hearts were strangely knit together, so that when we came to *Amsterdam*, they dismissed us with abundance of blessings.

Friday 20. We breakfasted at Mr. *Ferguson's*, near the heart of the city. At eleven we drank coffee, (the custom in *Holland*) at Mr. *J*———'s, a Merchant's, whose dining-room is covered, both walls and cieling, with the most beautiful paintings. He and his Lady walked with us in the afternoon to the *Stadt house*, perhaps the grandest buildings of the kind in *Europe*. The Great Hall is a noble room indeed, near as large as that of *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*. But I have neither time, nor inclination to describe particularly this amazing structure.

At five in the evening we drank tea at another Merchant's, Mr. *G*———'s, where I had a long conversation with Mr. *de H.* one of the most learned as well as popular Ministers in the city; and (I believe what is far more important) he is truly alive to God. He spoke *Latin* well, and seemed to be one of a strong understanding, as well as of an excellent spirit. In returning to our Inn, we called at a Stationers, and though we spent but a few minutes, it was enough to convince us of his strong affection, even to strangers. What a change does the grace of God make in the heart! Shyness and stiffness are now no more!

Saturday 21. We breakfasted with a very extraordinary woman, who lamented that she could not talk to us but by an Interpreter. However she made us understand, that she had a little child some years since, three or four years old, that was praying continually: that one morning, having just dressed her, she said, "Will you go kiss your sister!" She said, "Yes, mamma; and I will

I will kiſs *you* too:" and threw her arms about her mother's neck; who ſaid, "My dear, where will you go now?" She ſaid, "I will go to Jeſus;" and died.

At eleven I ſpent an hour with a woman of large fortune, who appeared to be as much devoted to God as her. We were immediately as well acquainted with each other, as if we had known each other for many years. But indeed an eaſy good breeding, (ſuch as I never expected to ſee here) runs through all the genteeler people of *Amſterdam*. And there it ſuch a childlike ſimplicity in all that love God, as does honour to the religion they profeſs.

About two we called upon Mr. *V———n*, and immediately fell into cloſe converſation. There ſeems to be in him a peculiar ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs of temper, and a peculiar livelineſs in Mrs. *V———n*. Our loving diſputes, concerning deliverance from ſin, was concluded within an hour: and we parted, if that could be, better friends than we met. Afterwards we walked to Mr. *J—'s* houſe in *the Plantations*, a large tract of ground, laid out in ſhady walks. Theſe lie within the city walls: but there are other walks, equally pleaſant, without the gates. Indeed nothing is wanting but the power of religion, to make *Amſterdam* a paradiſe.

Sunday 22. I went to the *New Church*, ſo called ſtill, though four or five hundred years old. It is larger, higher, and better illuminated, than moſt of our Cathedrals. The ſcreen that divides the Church from the choir, is of poliſhed braſs, and ſhines like gold. I underſtood the Pſalms that were ſung, and the text well, and a little of the ſermon: which Mr. *de H.* delivered with great earneſtneſs. At two I began the ſervice at the *Engliſh* Church, an elegant building, about the ſize of *Weſt-ſtreet* Chapel. Only it has no galleries; nor have any of the Churches in *Holland*. I preached on Iſaiah lv. 6, 7. and

I am

I am perſuaded many received the truth in the love thereof.

After ſervice I ſpent another hour at Mr. *V*——'s. Mrs. *V*—— again aſked me abundance of queſtions, concerning deliverance from ſin, and ſeemed a good deal better ſatisfied, with regard to the great and precious promiſes. Thence we went to Mr. *B.* who had lately found peace with God. He was full of faith and love, and could hardly mention the goodneſs of God without tears. His wife appeared to be exactly of the ſame ſpirit, ſo that our hearts were ſoon knit together. From thence we went to another family, where a large company were aſſembled. But all ſeemed open to receive inſtructions, and deſirous to be altogether Chriſtians.

After dinner Mrs. *J*—— took me in a coach to the *Mere*, and thence round the country to *Zeburg*. I never ſaw ſuch a country before: I ſuppoſe there is no ſuch ſummer country in *Europe*. From *Amſterdam* to *Mere* is all a train of the moſt delightful gardens. Turning upon the left, you then open upon the *Texel*, which ſpreads into a ſea. *Zeburg* itſelf is a little houſe built on the edge of it, which commands both a land and ſea proſpect. What is wanting to make the inhabitants happy, but the knowledge and love of God?

Tueſday 24. We took a view of the new Work-houſe, which ſtands on one ſide of the *Plantations*. It much reſembles *Shoreditch* Work-houſe: only it is conſiderably larger. And the front of it is ſo richly ornamented, that it looks like a royal Palace. About four hundred are now in the houſe, which is to receive four hundred more: juſt half as many as are in the Poor-houſe at *Dublin*, which now contains ſixteen hundred. We ſaw many of the poor people, all at work, knitting, ſpinning, picking work, or weaving. And the women in one room were all ſowing, either fine or plain work.

Many of these had been women of the town; for this is a *Bridewell* and Work-house in one. The head keeper was stalking to and fro, with a large silver-hilted sword by his side. The bed-chambers were exceeding neat: the beds are better or worse, as are those that use them. We saw both the men in one long room, and the women in another at dinner. In both rooms, they sung a Psalm and prayed, before and after dinner. I cannot but think the Managers in *Amsterdam* wiser than those in *Dublin*. For, certainly a little of the *form of religion* is better than none at all!

Afterwards we spent an hour at Mrs. *V——'s* a very extraordinary woman. Both from her past and present experience, I can have no doubt but she is *perfected in love*. She said, "I was born at *Surinam*, and came from thence, when I was about ten years old. But when I came hither, my Guardian would not let me have my fortune, unless I would go back to *Surinam*. However I got acquainted with some pious people, and made shift to live, till I was about sixteen: I then embarked for *Surinam;* but a storm drove us to the coast of *England*, where the ship was stranded. I was in great distress, fearing I had done wrong in leaving the pious people: but just then God revealed himself to my soul. I was filled with joy unspeakable, and boldly assured the people, who despaired of life, that God would preserve them all. And so he did: we got on shore at *Devon*, but we lost all that we had.

"After a time I returned to *Amsterdam*, and lived four years in service. Then I married. Seven years after, it pleased God to work a deeper work in my heart: since then I have given myself wholly to Him. I desire nothing else. Jesus is my All. I am always pleased with his will. So I was, even when my husband died.

died. I had not one diſcontented thought, I was ſtill happy in God."

Wedneſday 25. We took boat for *Haerlem*. The great Church here is a noble ſtructure, equalled by few Cathedrals in *England*, either in length, breadth or height: the organ is the largeſt I ever ſaw, and is ſaid to be the fineſt in *Europe*. Hence we went to Mr. *Van Ka*———'s whoſe wife was convinced of ſin and juſtified by reading Mr. *Whitfield's* Sermons.

Here we were as at home. Before dinner we took a walk in *Haerlem* Wood. It adjoins to the town, and is cut out in many ſhady walks, with lovely viſtas ſhooting out every way. The walk from the *Hague* to *Scheveling* is pleaſant; thoſe near *Amſterdam* more ſo; but theſe exceed them all.

We returned in the afternoon to *Amſterdam*, and in the evening took leave of as many of our friends as we could. How entirely were we miſtaken in the *Hollanders*, ſuppoſing them to be of a cold, phlegmatick unfriendly temper! I have not met with a more warmly affectionate people, in all *Europe*! No, not in *Ireland*!

Thurſday 26. Our friends having largely provided us with wine and fruits for our little journey, we took boat in a lovely morning for *Utrecht*, with Mr. *Van* ——'s ſiſter, who in the way, gave us a ſtriking account. "In that houſe, ſaid ſhe, (pointing to it as we went by) my huſband and I lived, and that Church adjoining to it, was his Church. Five years ago, we were ſitting together, being in perfect health, when he dropped down, and in a quarter of an hour died: I lifted up my heart and ſaid, "Lord, thou art my huſband now;" and found no will but his." This was a trial worthy of a Chriſtian. And ſhe has ever ſince made her word good. We were ſcarce got to our Inn at *Utrecht*, when Miſs *L*——— came. I found her juſt ſuch as I expected. She came on purpoſe from her father's

country-houſe, where all the family were. I obſerve of all the pious people in *Holland*, that without any rule, but the word of God, they dreſs as plain as Miſs *March* did formerly, and Miſs *Johnſon* does now! And conſidering the vaſt diſadvantage they are under, having no connexion with each other, and being under no ſuch diſcipline at all as we are, I wonder at the grace of God that is in them!

Friday 27. I walked over to Mr. *L*——'s country-houſe, about three miles from the city. It is a lovely place, ſurrounded with delightful gardens, laid out with wonderful variety. Mr. *L*——, is of an eaſy, genteel behaviour, ſpeaks *Latin* correctly, and is no ſtranger to Philoſophy. Mrs. *L*—— is the picture of friendlineſs and hoſpitality, and young Mr. *L*—— ſeems to be caſt in the ſame mould. We ſpent a few hours very agreeably. Then Mr. *L*—— *would* ſend me back in his coach.

Being ſick of Inns (our bill at *Amſterdam* alone amounting to near an hundred florins) I willingly accepted of an invitation to lodge with the ſon-in-law of *James Oddie*.

Saturday 28. We went over to *Zeiſt*, the Settlement of the *German* brethren. It is a ſmall village, finely ſituated with woods on every ſide, and much reſembles one of the large Colleges in *Oxford*. Here I met with my old friend Biſhop *Antone*, whom I had not ſeen for near fifty years. He did not aſk me to eat or drink; for "it is not their cuſtom!" And there is an Inn! But they were all very covetous. And we were welcome to *buy* any thing that we pleaſed at their ſhops! I cannot ſee how it is poſſible for this Community to avoid growing immenſely rich.

I have this day lived fourſcore years: and by the mercy of God, my eyes are not waxed dim, and what little ſtrength of body or mind I had thirty years ſince, juſt the ſame I have now.

God

God grant I may never live to be uſeleſs. Rather may I

My body with my charge lay down,
And ceaſe at once to work and live.

Sunday 29. At ten I began the ſervice in the *Engliſh* Church in *Utrecht*. I believe all the *Engliſh* in the city were preſent, and forty or fifty *Hollanders*. I preached on the xiiith of the firſt of *Corinthians;* I think as ſearchingly as ever in my life. Afterwards a merchant invited me to dinner. For ſix years he had been at death's door by an aſthma, and was extremely ill laſt night. But this morning, without any viſible cauſe he was well, and walked acroſs the city to the Church. He ſeemed to be deeply acquainted with religion, and made me promiſe, if I came to *Utrecht* again, to make his houſe my home.

In the evening a large company of us met at Miſs *L——'s*, where I was deſired to repeat the ſubſtance of my morning ſermon. I did ſo; Mr. *Toydemea*, (the Profeſſor of Law in the Univerſity) interpreting it ſentence by ſentence. They then ſung a *Dutch* hymn, and we an *Engliſh* one. Afterwards Mr. *Regulet*, a venerable old man, ſpent ſome time in prayer, for the eſtabliſhment of peace and love between the two nations.

Utrecht has much the look of an *Engliſh* town. The ſtreets are broad, and have many noble houſes. In quietneſs and ſtillneſs it much reſembles *Oxford*. The country all round is like a garden. And the people I converſed with are not only civil and hoſpitable, but friendly and affectionate, even as thoſe at *Amſterdam*.

Monday 30. We hired a coach for *Rotterdam*, at half a crown per head. We dined at *Gouda*, at Mr. *Van Flooten's*, Miniſter of the town, who received us with all poſſible kindneſs. Before dinner we went into the Church, famous for its

painted windows: but we had not time to ſurvey a tenth part of them. We could only obſerve in general, that the colours were exceeding lively, and the figures exactly proportioned. In the evening we reached once more the hoſpitable houſe of Mr. *Loyal*, at *Rotterdam*.

Tueſday, July 1. I called on as many as I could of my friends, and we parted with much affection. We then hired a yatch, which brought us to *Helvoetſluys*, about eleven the next day. At two we went on board: but the wind turning againſt us, we did not reach *Harwich* till about nine on Friday morning. After a little reſt, we procured a carriage, and reached *London* about eleven at night.

I can by no means regret either the trouble or expence which attended this little journey. It opened me a way, into, as it were, a new world, where the land, the buildings, the people, the cuſtoms were all ſuch as I had never ſeen before. But as thoſe with whom I converſed, were of the ſame ſpirit with my friends in *England*, I was as much at home in *Utrecht* and *Amſterdam*, as in *Briſtol* and *London*.

Sunday 6. We rejoiced to meet once more with our *Engliſh* friends in the New Chapel: who were refreſhed with an account of the gracious work which God is working in *Holland* alſo.

Wedneſday 9. I ſpent a melancholy hour with Mr. M. and ſeveral others, who charged him with ſpeaking grievous things of me, which he then knew to be utterly falſe. If he acknowledges his fault, I believe he will recover: if not, his ſickneſs is unto death!

Theſe four days, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday, were as hot as the Midſummer days in *Jamaica*. The ſummer heat in *Jamaica* uſually raiſes the thermometer to about eighty degrees. The quickſilver in my thermometer now roſe to eighty-two.

Monday

Monday 14. I took a little journey into *Oxfordſhire*, and found the good effects of the late ſtorms. The thunder had been uncommonly dreadful: and the lightning had tore up a field near *High-Wycombe*, and turned the potatoes into aſhes. In the evening I preached in the new Preaching-houſe at *Oxford*, a lightſome, cheerful place, and well filled with rich and poor ſcholars, as well as townſmen. Tueſday 15, walking through the city, I obſerved it ſwiftly improving in every thing but religion. Obſerving narrowly the Hall at *Chriſt-Church*, I was convinced it is both loftier and larger, than that of the *Stadt-houſe* in *Amſterdam*. I obſerved alſo, the gardens and walks in *Holland*, although extremely pleaſant, were not to be compared with St. *John's* or *Trinity* gardens, much leſs with the Parks, *Magdalen* Water-walks, &c. *Chriſt-Church* Meadow, or the *White-walk*.

Wedneſday 16. I went on to *Witney*. There were uncommon thunder and lightning here laſt Thurſday. But nothing to that which were there on Friday night. About ten the ſtorm was juſt over the town. And both the burſt of thunder and lightning, or rather ſheets of flame were without intermiſſion. Thoſe that were aſleep in the town were waked, and many thought the day of judgment was come. Men, women, and children, flocked out of their houſes, and kneeled down together in the ſtreets. With the flames, the grace of God came down alſo in a manner never known before. And as the impreſſion was general, ſo it was laſting: it did not paſs away with the ſtorm; but the ſpirit of ſerioufneſs, with that of grace and ſupplication continued. A Prayer-meeting, being appointed on Saturday evening, the people flocked together, ſo that the Preaching-houſe was more than filled, and many were conſtrained to ſtand without the door and windows. On Sunday morning, before the uſual time of ſervice, the Church was quite

filled.

filled. Such a ſight was never ſeen in that Church before. The Rector himſelf was greatly moved, and delivered a preſſing, cloſe ſermon, with uncommon earneſtneſs. When I came on Wedneſday, the ſame ſerioufneſs remained on the generality of the people. I preached in the evening at *Wood-Green*, where a multitude flocked together, on the *Son of man coming in his glory*. The word fell heavy upon them, and many of their hearts were as melting wax. Thurſday 17, at five they were ſtill ſo eager to hear, that the Preaching-houſe would not near contain the congregation. After preaching, four and thirty perſons deſired admiſſion into the Society: every one of whom, was (for the preſent at leaſt) under very ſerious impreſſions. And moſt of them, there is reaſon to hope, will bring forth fruit with patience. In the evening I preached to a lovely congregation at *Stroud*, and on Tueſday afternoon came to *Briſtol*.

Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday, I ſpent at *Bath*. Thurſday 24, I went with a few friends to *Blaſe-Caſtle*. The woods on the ſide of the hill, cut through various directions, are the pleaſanteſt I ever ſaw, little inferior to the *Leaſows*, and by the beautiful proſpects far ſuperior to *Stow-gardens*. Afterwards we took a view of Lord *Clifford's* woods at *King's-Weſton*. They are amazingly beautiful: I have ſeen nothing equal to them in the Weſt of *England*, and very few in any other parts. In the evening I read to the congregation an account of our brethren in *Holland*, and many thankſgivings were rendered to God on their account.

Tueſday 29. Our Conference began, at which two important points we conſidered, firſt, The caſe of *Birſtal* Houſe, and ſecondly, The State of *Kingſwood School*. With regard to the former, our brethren earneſtly deſired, That I would go to Birſtal myſelf: believing this would be the moſt effectual way of bringing the Truſtees

to

to reaſon. With regard to the latter, we all agreed, that either the School ſhould ceaſe, or the Rules of it be particularly obſerved, particularly, That the children ſhould never play: and that a maſter ſhould be always preſent with them.

Tueſday, Auguſt 5. Early in the morning I was ſeized with a moſt impetuous flux. In a few hours it was joined by a violent and almoſt continual cramp: firſt, in my feet, legs, thighs, then in my ſide and my throat. The caſe being judged extreme, a grain and a half of opium was given me in three doſes: this ſpeedily ſtopt the cramp, but at the ſame time, took away my ſpeech, hearing, and power of motion, and locked me up from head to foot: ſo that I lay a mere log. I then ſent for Dr. *Drummond*, who from that time attended me twice a day. For ſome days I was worſe and worſe, till on Friday I was removed to Mr. *Caſtleman's*. Still my head was not affected, and I had no pain, although in a continual fever. But I continued ſlowly to recover, ſo that I could read or write an hour or two at a time. On Wedneſday 12, I took a vomit, which almoſt ſhook me to pieces, but however did me good. Sunday 17, and all the following week, my fever gradually abated; but I had a continual thirſt, and little or no increaſe of ſtrength. Nevertheleſs, being unwilling to be idle, on Saturday 23, I ſpent half an hour with the penitents; and finding myſelf no worſe, on Sunday 24, I preached at the New Room, morning and afternoon. Finding my ſtrength was now in ſome meaſure reſtored, I determined to delay no longer; but ſetting out on Monday the 25th, reached *Gloceſter* in the afternoon. In the evening I preached in the Town-hall, I believe, not in vain. Tueſday 26, I went on to *Worceſter*, where many young people are juſt ſetting out in the ways of God. I joined fifteen of them this afternoon to the

Society,

Society, all of them I believe athirſt for ſalvation. Wedneſday 27, I preached at *Birmingham*, and had a comfortable ſeaſon. Thurſday 28, I paid another viſit to the amiable family at *Hilton*-hall. Friday 29, about ten, I preached for the firſt time at *Stafford*, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. It is now the day of ſmall things here. But the grain of muſtard-ſeed may grow into a great tree.

Hence I rode to *Congleton*. I had received abundance of complaints againſt the Aſſiſtant of this Circuit, *James Rogers*. Saturday 30, I heard all the parties face to face, and encouraged them all to ſpeak their whole mind. I was ſurprized; ſo much prejudice, anger and bitterneſs, on ſo ſlight occaſions I never ſaw. However, after they had *had it out*, they were much ſoftened, if not quite reconciled. Sunday 31, I preached in the New Church at *Macclesfield*, both morning and afternoon. I believe we had ſeven hundred communicants.

Monday, Sept. 1. We clambered over the mountains to *Buxton*. In the afternoon I preached in *Fairfield* Church about half a mile from the town: it was thoroughly filled with ſerious and attentive hearers. Tueſday 2, we went to *Leeds*, where I was glad to find ſeveral Preachers.

Wedneſday 3. I conſulted the Preachers, how it was beſt to proceed with the Truſtees of *Birſtal* Houſe, to prevail upon them to ſettle it on the Methodiſt-Plan. They all adviſed me, to begin by preaching there. Accordingly I preached on Thurſday evening, and met the Society. I preached again in the morning. Friday 5, about nine, I met the nineteen Truſtees. And after exhorting them to peace and love, ſaid, All that I deſire is, that this houſe may be ſettled on the Methodiſt-Plan; and the ſame clauſe may be inſerted in *your* Deed, which is inſerted in the Deed of the New Chapel in *London*: viz. "In caſe the Doctrine or Practice of any Preacher

Preacher ſhould, in the opinion of the major part of the Truſtees, be not conformable to Mr. *W——'s* Sermons, and Notes on the New Teſtament; on repreſenting this, to the neareſt Aſſiſtants, after a proper hearing, another Preacher ſhall be ſent within three months."

Five of the Truſtees were willing to accept of our firſt propoſals: the reſt were not willing.

Although I could not obtain the end propoſed, and in that reſpect had only my labour for my pains, yet I do not at all repent of my journey; I have done *my* part: let others bear their own burden. Going back nearly the ſame way I came, on Saturday 13, I reached *Briſtol*. I had likewiſe good reward for my labour, in the recovery of my health, by a journey of five or ſix hundred miles.

On Wedneſday 17, and the two following days, I viſited ſeveral of the country Societies; and found moſt of them, not only increaſing in number, but in the knowledge and love of God.

Friday 26. Obſerving the deep poverty of many of our brethren, I determined to do what I could for their relief. I ſpoke ſeverally to ſome that were in good circumſtances, and received about forty pounds. Next I enquired, Who were in the moſt preſſing want, and viſited them at their own houſes. I was ſurprized to find no murmuring ſpirits among them, but many that were truly happy in God. And all of them appeared to be exceeding thankful, for the ſcanty relief which they received.

Sunday 28. It being a fair day, I ſnatched the opportunity of preaching abroad to twice or thrice as many as the Room would have contained. Wedneſday, October 1. I preached at *Bath* to ſuch a congregation as I have not ſeen there of a long ſeaſon. All my leiſure hours this week I employed in viſiting the remaining poor, and in begging for them. Having collected about fifty pounds more, I was enabled to relieve moſt of thoſe that were in preſſing diſtreſs.

Monday

Monday, Oct. 6. Leaving the Society in a more proſperous way than it had been for ſeveral years, I preached in the *Devizes* about noon, and at *Sarum* in the evening. Captain *Webb* lately kindled a flame here, and it is not yet gone out. Several perſons were ſtill rejoicing in God, and the people in general were much quickened. Tueſday 7, I found his preaching in the ſtreet at *Wincheſter* had been bleſt greatly. Many were more or leſs convinced of ſin, and ſeveral had found peace with God. I never ſaw the Preaching-houſe ſo crowded before, with ſerious and attentive hearers. So was that at *Portſmouth* alſo. Wedneſday 8, we took a wherry for the Iſle of *Wight*. Before we were half over, the ſea roſe and the water waſhed over us. However we got ſafe to *Wotten-bridge*, and then walked on to *Newport*. There is much life among the people here, and they walk worthy of their profeſſion.

Thurſday 9. I went to *Newtown*, (two miles from *Newport*) ſuppoſed to be the oldeſt town in the Iſle: but its glory is paſt! The Church lies in ruins, and the town has ſcarce ſix houſes remaining. However the Preaching-houſe was thoroughly filled; and the people appeared to be all of one rank: none rich and none extremely poor; but all were extremely ſerious and attentive.

Friday 10. I croſſed over to *Southampton*, and found two or three there alſo, who feared and loved God. Then I went to *Wincheſter*, and had the pleaſure of dining with Mr. *Lowth* and ſupping with Mrs. *Blackwell*. Her ſix lovely children are in admirable order: it is a pleaſure to ſee them. A Clergyman having offered me his church, I purpoſed beginning at five: but the key was not to be found. So I made a virtue of neceſſity, and preached near the croſs-ſtreet: probably to double the congregation which would have been in the Church.

Many

Many of the *Dutch* priſoners remaining here, I paid them a ſhort viſit. When they were brought hither firſt, one of them prayed with as many as deſired it, and gave them a word of exhortation. Preſently one found peace with God, and joined him in that labour of love. Theſe increaſed, ſo that they have now five Exhorters: many are juſtified, and many more convinced of ſin. About two hundred of them were met together when I came. They firſt ſung a hymn in their own language. I then gave them a ſhort exhortation in *Engliſh*, for which they were extremely thankful.

Saturday 11. Juſt at twelve (the ſame hour as at *Briſtol*) I was taken exceeding ill, and ſo continued till three. I then took chaiſe, as I had appointed, and was better and better every ſtage, and quite well when I came to *London*.

Monday 13. I preached at *Wallingford*. Tueſday 14, I went on to *Oxford*, and found both the congregation and Society increaſed in zeal as well as in number. Wedneſday 15, I came to *Witney*. The flame which was kindled here by that providential ſtorm of thunder and lightning is not extinguiſhed, but has continued ever ſince, with no diſcernible intermiſſion. The Preaching-houſe is ſtill too ſmall for the congregation. Thurſday 16, I preached at *High-Wycombe*, and on Friday returned to *London*.

Sunday 19. I took the Diligence for *Norwich*, and preached there the next evening, to more than the houſe would contain; and both this night and the following, we ſenſibly felt that God was in the midſt of us. Wedneſday 22, I went to *Yarmouth*. Often this poor Society had been well nigh ſhattered in pieces, firſt by *Benjamin Worſhip*, then a furious Calviniſt, tearing away near half of them; next by *John Simpſon*, turning Antinomian, and ſcattering moſt that were left. It has pleaſed God, contrary to all human probability, to raiſe a new Society out

of the duſt: nay, and to give them courage to build a new Preaching-houſe which is well finiſhed, and contains about five hundred perſons. I opened it this evening; and as many as could get in, ſeemed to be deeply affected. Who knows, but God is about to repair the waſte places, and to gather a people that ſhall be ſcattered no more?

Thurſday 23. We went to *Loſtoffe*, where the people have ſtood firm from the beginning. Obſerving in the evening, that forty or fifty people were talking together, as ſoon as the ſervice was over, (a miſerable cuſtom that prevails in moſt places of publick worſhip, throughout *England* and *Ireland*,) I ſtrongly warned the congregation againſt it, as I had done thoſe at *Norwich* and *Yarmouth*. They received it in love, and the next evening, all went ſilently away. But this warning muſt be given again and again in every place, or it will not be effectual.

Saturday 25. I preached in *Loſtoffe* at five; at eight to an earneſt lively people at *Coue*, and at one to a more numerous, but not more lively congregation at *Loddon*. The moſt numerous was that at *Norwich* in the evening, many of whom were truly alive to God.

Sunday 26. I gave the ſacrament at ſeven, at nine I preached at *Bear-Street*, where I am in hopes conſiderable good will be done. The moſt ſerious congregation in our houſe we had at two; but the moſt numerous at ſix: though not above half of thoſe that came could get in. Thoſe that could hear, did not loſe their labour; for God *ſatisfied the hungry with good things*.

Monday, Oct. 27. I talked at large with *M. F.* Such a caſe I have not known before: ſhe has been in the Society nearly from the beginning. She found peace with God five and twenty years ago, and the pure love of God a few years after. Above thirty years ſhe has been a Claſs and a Band-

Band-Leader, and of very eminent uſe. Ten months ſince ſhe was accuſed of drunkenneſs, and of revealing the ſecret of her friend. Being informed of this, I wrote to *Norwich*, (as I then believed the charge,) that ſhe muſt be no longer a Leader, either of a Band or a Claſs. The Preacher told her further, That in his judgment, ſhe was unfit to be a Member of the Society. Upon this ſhe gave up her ticket, together with the Band and her Claſs-papers. Immediately all her friends, (of whom ſhe ſeemed to have a large number) forſook her at once. No one knew her or ſpoke to her. She was as a dead thing out of mind!

On making a more particular enquiry I found, That Mrs. *N*—— (formerly a common woman) had revealed her own ſecret, to Dr. *Hunt*, and twenty people beſides. So the firſt accuſation vaniſhed into air. As to the ſecond, I verily believe the drunkenneſs with which ſhe was charged, was in reality, the falling down in a fit. So we have thrown away one of the moſt uſeful Leaders we ever had, for theſe wonderful reaſons!

Wedneſday 29. I croſſed over to *Lynn*, and found things much bettter than I expected. The behaviour of Mr. *G*—— (which one would have imagined would have done much harm) had rather done good. People in general cried, "Let that bad man go, they will do better without him." And the houſe was ſufficiently crowded with ſerious hearers. Nov. 1, I returned to *London*.

In the two following weeks I viſited the Claſſes both in *London* and the neighbouring Societies. Sunday 16, being much importuned, I preached in the evening at Mr. *Maxfield's* Chapel. But I dare not do ſo again, as it can't contain one third of the congregation at the New Chapel.

Monday 17. I preached at *Sevenoaks*, and on Tueſday 18, at *Mount Ephraim*, near *Tunbridge-Wells*. Wedneſday 19. I came once more to the lovely family at *Shoreham*. A little longer that venerable old man is permitted to remain here, that the flock may not be ſcattered.

When I was at *Sevenoaks* I made an odd remark. In the year 1769, I weighed a hundred and twenty-two pounds. In 1783, I weighed not a pound more or leſs. I doubt whether ſuch another inſtance is to be found in *Great-Britain*.

Monday 24. I preached at *Canterbury*, and again on Wedneſday: on Tueſday 25, at *Dover*, Thurſday 27, at *Sheerneſs*, where Mr. *Fox* read prayers, and I preached on thoſe words in the ſecond Leſſon, *To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts*.

Friday 28. I returned to *London*. Tueſday, Dec. 2, I married Mr. *Rutherford*, and Miſs *Lydia Duplex*. Wedneſday 3, I took a little journey into *Hertfordſhire*, and having preached at *Hinxworth*, and *Wreſtlingworth*, on Friday 5. I preached at *Barnet*, and on Saturday 6, returned to *London*.

I now enquired more carefully and particularly into the ſtrange caſe of poor Mr. *M*. But the more I enquired, the worſe the matter appeared to be. It was plain, by the evidence of many unexceptionable witneſſes, that he had told innumerable lies; affirming, denying and affirming again! And this man, who has lived above twenty years in a conſtant courſe of lying and ſlandering, tells you, "He enjoys conſtant communion with God, and that nothing can make him happier, but heaven!"

Thurſday 18. I ſpent two hours with that great man, Dr. *Johnſon*, who is ſinking into the grave by a gentle decay. Wedneſday 24, while we were dining at Mr. *Blunt's*, his ſervant-maid, ill of a ſore throat, died. Saturday 27, I dined at Mr. *Awbrey's* with Mr. *Wynantz*, ſon of the

Dutch

Dutch Merchant, at whoſe houſe I met with *Peter Bohler* and his brethren, forty-five years ago.

Wedneſday 31. We concluded the year at the New Chapel, with the voice of praiſe and thankſgiving.

Thurſday, Jan. 1, 1784. I retired for two or three days to *Peckham*. Sunday 4, though it rained violently, we had, I believe, upward of eighteen hundred people, at the renewal of the Covenant: many found an uncommon bleſſing therein. I am ſure I did, for one.

Tueſday 6. At noon I preached at *Barking*, and in the evening at *Purfleet*, to a people that were all alive. Wedneſday 7, I went on to *Colcheſter*, and on Friday 9, returned to *London*.

Monday 12. Deſiring to help ſome that were in preſſing want, but not having any money left, I believed it was not improper, in ſuch a caſe, to deſire help from God. A few hours after, one from whom I expected nothing leſs, put ten pounds into my hands.

Wedneſday 21. Being vehemently accuſed by a well-meaning man, of very many things, particularly of covetouſneſs and uncourteouſneſs, I referred the matter to three of our brethren. Truly, in theſe articles, *I know nothing by myſelf. But he that judgeth me is the Lord.*

Saturday 24. I began viſiting the Claſſes in the town and country. Sunday 25, I preached in the afternoon in St. *George's Southwark*, a very large and commodious Church. Thurſday, Feb. 4, I went down to *Nottingham*, and preached a Charity-Sermon for the General Hoſpital. The next day I returned to *London*. In the following week I viſited the country Societies. Saturday 14, I deſired all our Preachers to meet, and conſider thoroughly the propoſal of ſending Miſſionaries to the *Eaſt-Indies*. After the matter had been fully conſidered, we were unanimous in our judgment, That we have no call thither yet,

no invitation, no providential opening of any kind.

Thurſday 19. I ſpent an agreeable hour with the modern *Hannibal*, *Paſchal Paoli*, probably the moſt accompliſhed General that is now in the world. He is of a middle ſize, thin, well-ſhaped, genteel, and has ſomething extremely ſtriking in his countenance. How much happier is he now, with his moderate penſion, than he was in the midſt of his victories!

On Saturday, having a leiſure hour, I made an end of that ſtrange book *Orlando Furioſo*. *Arioſto* had doubtleſs an uncommon genius, and ſubſequent Poets have been greatly indebted to him. Yet it is hard to ſay, which was moſt out of his ſenſes, the Hero or the Poet. He has not the leaſt regard even to probability: his Marvellous tranſcends all conception. *Aſtolpho's* ſhield and horn, and voyage to the moon, the lance that unhorſes every one, the all-penetrating ſword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and coats of mail; leaves transformed into ſhips, and into leaves again; ſtones turned into horſes, and again into ſtones, are ſuch monſtrous fictions as never appeared in the world before, and one would hope, never will again. O who that is not himſelf out of his ſenſes, can compare *Arioſto* with *Taſſo!*

Monday, March 1. I went to *Newbury*, and preached in the evening to a large and deeply affected congregation. Tueſday 2, and Wedneſday 3, I preached at *Bath*, and on Thurſday 4, went on to *Briſtol*: Friday 5, I talked at large with our Maſters in *Kingswood* ſchool, who are now juſt ſuch as I wiſhed for. At length the Rules of the Houſe are punctually obſerved, and the children are all in good order.

Saturday 6. I ſpent a few melancholy minutes at Mr. *Henderſon's* with the loſt *Louiſa*. She is now in a far more deplorable caſe then ever. She uſed to be mild, though ſilly: but now ſhe

is

is quite furious. I doubt the poor machine cannot be repaired in this life.

The next week I viſited the Claſſes at *Briſtol*. Friday 12, being at *Samuel Rayner's* in *Bradford*, I was convinced of two vulgar errors: the one, that Nightingales will not live in cages; the other, that they only ſing a month or two in the year. He has now three Nightingales in cages, and they ſing almoſt all day long, from November to Auguſt. Saturday 13, about nine I preached at *Trowbridge*, where a large congregation quickly attended. Returning to *Briſtol*, I lodged once more at *E——J——'s*, a genuine old Methodiſt. God has lately taken away her only brother, as well as her beloved ſiſter. But ſhe was ſtill able to ſay, "*It is the Lord: let him do what ſeemeth him good.*"

Monday 15. Leaving *Briſtol* after preaching at five, in the evening I preached at *Stroud*, where to my ſuprize, I found the morning preaching was given up, as alſo in the neighbouring places. If this be the caſe while I am alive, what muſt it be when I am gone? Give up this, and Methodiſm too will degenerate into a mere ſect, only diſtinguiſhed by ſome opinions and modes of worſhip.

Tueſday 16. I preached in *Painſwick* at noon, and at *Glouceſter* in the evening. The Room was full at five in the morning, and both the Preachers and people promiſed, to neglect the early preaching no more. Wedneſday 17, we went to *Cheltenham*, which I had not ſeen for many years. I preached at noon to half a houſe-full of hearers, moſt of them cold and dead enough: I expected to find the ſame at *Tewkſbury*, but was agreeably diſappointed. Not only the congregation was much larger, but I admired their teachableneſs. On my mentioning the impropriety of *ſtanding* at prayer, and ſitting while we were ſinging praiſe to God, they all

took

took advice, kneeling while we prayed, and ſtood up while we ſung Pſalms.

Thurſday 18. We croſſed over to *Bengeworth*, where Mr. *Cooper* read prayers, and I preached. Friday 19, being informed, that my chaiſe could paſs part of the way to *Broadmarſton*, I went boldly for awhile, and then ſtuck faſt: I borrowed a horſe and went on. At ſive I preached in *Pebworth* Church, and at five in the morning in our own Chapel at *Broadmarſton*. As we rode back to *Bengeworth*, the cold was ſo intenſe, that it had an effect I never felt before; it made me downright ſick. However I went on, and preached in the Church at eleven, and in the evening at *Worceſter*. Sunday 21, I preached to a crowded audience, in St. *Andrew's* Church. The Vicar read prayers, and afterwards told me, "I ſhould be welcome to the uſe of his Church, whenever I came to *Worceſter*."

Monday 22. In the evening I preached at *Birmingham*. Tueſday 23, I preached in the Church at *Quinton*, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Not many appeared to be unaffected; for the power of God was eminently preſent.

After preaching at various other places, on Saturday 27, I went to *Madeley*, and at Mr. *Fletcher's* deſire, reviſed his Letters to Dr. *Prieſtley*. I think, there is hardly another man in *England*, ſo fit to encounter him. Sunday 28, notwithſtanding the ſevere weather, the Church was more than filled. I preached on part of the Epiſtle, (Heb. ix. 13, &c.) in the afternoon on, *The grace of God that bringeth ſalvation*, and I believe, God applied it to many hearts.

Monday 29. I gave an exhortation at *Sheriff-Hales*, in my way to *Stafford*. When I came thither, I found no notice had been given: ſo I had only a ſmall company, in a deplorable hole, formerly a ſtable. Hence we went to

Lane-

Lane-End, a village two or three miles from *Newcaſtle-under-Lyne*. It was ſtill piercingly cold: but the Preaching-houſe would not hold a fourth part of the people, ſo I preached in the open air; the moon giving us clear light, though not much heat. The houſe was filled at five in the morning. And God again applied his word.

Tueſday 30. I preached in the new Preaching-houſe at *Henley-Green*: but this was far too ſmall to hold the congregation. Indeed this country is all on fire, and the flame is ſtill ſpreading from village to village. The Preaching-houſe at *Newcaſtle* juſt held the congregation, many being kept away by the election: eſpecially the gentry. But ſtill the poor heard the goſpel preached, and received it with all readineſs of mind.

Wedneſday 31. I reached *Borſlem*, where we had the firſt Society in the country; and it is ſtill the largeſt and the moſt in earneſt. I was obliged to preach abroad. The houſe would but juſt contain the Societies at the Love-feaſt: at which many, both men and women, ſimply declared the wonderful works of God.

I did not find ſo lively a people at *Congleton*. Although the wounds made by prejudice were nearly healed, yet a faintneſs and deadneſs remained: I found the ſame ſad effects of prejudice at *Macclesfield*. But there are ſo many here truly alive to God, that his work goes on ſtill; only not in ſo rapid a manner as it might otherwiſe have done.

Sunday 4. I preached at the new Church, morning and evening to a *London* congregation. Monday 5, about noon I preached at *Alpreham*, to an unuſually large congregation. I was ſurprized when I came to *Cheſter*, to find, that there alſo, morning preaching was quite left off, for this worthy reaſon, "Becauſe the people will nor come, or at leaſt, nor in the winter." If ſo, "the Methodiſts are a fallen people."

Here

Here is proof. They have *loſt their firſt love!* And they never will or can recover it, till they *do the firſt works.*

As ſoon as I ſet foot in *Georgia*, I began preaching at five in the morning. And *every communicant*, that is, every ſerious perſon in the town, *conſtantly* attended throughout the year; I mean, came every morning, winter and ſummer unleſs in the caſe of ſickneſs. They did ſo till I left the Province. In the year 1738, when God began his great work in *England*, I began preaching at the ſame hour, winter and ſummer, and never wanted a congregation. If they will not attend now, they have loſt their zeal; and then it cannot be denied, "they are a fallen people."

And in the mean time, we are labouring to ſecure the Preaching-houſes to the next generation: in the name of God, let us if poſſible, ſecure the preſent generation from drawing back to perdition! Let all the Preachers that are ſtill alive to God, join together as one man, faſt and pray, lift up their voice as a trumpet, be inſtant, in ſeaſon, out of ſeaſon, to convince them they are fallen, and exhort them, inſtantly to *repent, and do the firſt works*. This in particular, Riſing in the morning, without which neither their ſouls nor bodies can long remain in health.

Wedneſday 7. I croſſed over the water to *Liverpool*. Here I found a people much alive to God: one cauſe of which was, that they have preaching ſeveral mornings in a week, and prayer-meetings on the reſt; all of which they are careful to attend. On Good-Friday, April 9, I went to *Warrington*. In the morning I read prayers, preached and adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper, to a ſerious congregation. I preached at five again, and believe few were preſent, who did not feel that God was there of a truth.

Saturday

Saturday 10. I preached to a huge congregation at *Mancheſter*, and to a far larger at ten in the morning, being Eaſter-day. It was ſuppoſed, there were near a thouſand communicants. But hitherto the Lord has helped me in this reſpect alſo. I have found no congregation which my voice could not command.

Monday 12. I found a lovely congregation at *Stockport*, much alive to God. So was that at *Oldham* the next day, which was not perceptibly leſſened, though it blew a ſtorm and poured down with rain. Here a young woman of unblamable character (otherwiſe I ſhould not have given her any credit) gave me a remarkable account: ſhe ſaid, "I had totally loſt the ſight of my right eye, when I dreamed one night, that our Saviour appeared to me: that I fell at his feet, and he laid his hand upon my right eye. Immediately I waked, and from that moment have ſeen as well with that eye as with the other."

I applied to a very large congregation, the caſe of the *Rechabites*, (Jer. xxxv.) I aſked, 1. Does it appear, that theſe owed to *Jehonadab*, more than the *Methodiſts* owe to me? 2. Are they as obſervant of *my* advices (although both ſcriptural and rational: to inſtance only in dreſs and riſing early) as the *Rechabites* were of *his* advices (of drinking no wine, and living in tents, which had neither Scripture nor Reaſon to ſupport them?)

I think every member of the Society at *Bolton*, does take my advice, with reſpect to other things, as well as with reſpect to dreſs and riſing early: in conſequence of which they are continually increaſing in number as well as in grace.

Friday 16. I preached about ten at *Wingate*, a village five or ſix miles from *Bolton*. I was conſtrained by the multitude of people to preach abroad, though it was exceeding cold, on *All things are ready come unto the marriage*. Truly the

the people were ready too. They drank in every word.

In the evening we had a very uncommon congregation at *Wigan*. Only one gentlewoman behaved "as ſhe uſed to do at Church;" (ſo ſeveral afterwards informed me) talking all the time, though no one anſwered her! But the reſt were deeply attentive: and I truſt will not be forgetful hearers. I had deſigned to go from hence to *Blackburn*, but hearing that one of our Society near *Preſton*, was at the point of death, I turned a little out of my way, to ſpend half an hour with her. I found Mrs. *Nuttal*, a lovely, patient creature, praiſing God continually, though worn away with pining ſickneſs and long-continued pain. Having paid the laſt office of friendſhip here, I went to *Preſton*, and preached to a ſerious congregation. In the evening I preached at *Blackburn*, where alſo the Society is lively and continually increaſing.

Sunday 18. After preaching at five to a numerous congregation (but not one rich or well-dreſſed perſon among them, either morning or evening! Poor *Blackburn!*) I haſtened on to *Giſburn*. The Church was ſo full that a few were obliged to ſtand without the doors. The word was quick and powerful. So it was afterward at *Settle*. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof.

Monday 19. I went on to *Ambleſide*, where as I was ſitting down to ſupper, I was informed, "Notice had been given of my preaching, and that the congregation was waiting." I would not diſappoint them, but preached immediately, on *Salvation by faith*. Among them were a gentleman and his wife, who gave me a very remarkable relation. She ſaid, "She had often heard her mother relate, what an intimate acquaintance had told her, That her huſband was concerned in the Rebellion of 1745. He was tried at *Carliſle*, and found guilty. The evening before

before he was to die, ſitting and muſing in her chair, ſhe fell faſt aſleep. She dreamed, one came to her and ſaid, "Go to ſuch a part of the wall, and among the looſe ſtones you will find a key, which you muſt carry to your huſband. She waked, but thinking it a common dream, paid no attention to it. Preſently ſhe fell aſleep again, and dreamed the very ſame dream. She ſtarted up, put on her cloak and hat, and went to that part of the wall, and among the looſe ſtones found a key. Having with ſome difficulty procured admiſſion into the goal, ſhe gave this to her huſband. It opened the door of his cell, as well as the lock of the priſon door. So at midnight he eſcaped for life."

Tueſday 20. We went to *Whitehaven*, where there is a fairer proſpect than has been for many years. The Society is united in love; not conformed to the world, but labouring to experience the full image of God, wherein they were created. The houſe was filled in the evening and much more the next, when we had all the Church Miniſters, and moſt of the gentry in the town; but they behaved with as much decency as if they had been Colliers.

Thurſday 22. I preached in the Market-houſe at *Cockermouth*. In our way thence, we had ſome of the heavieſt rain I have ſeen in *Europe*. The Seſſions being at *Carliſle*, I could not have the Court-houſe: but we had a good opportunity in our own houſe. Friday 23, we travelled through a lovely country to *Longtown*, the laſt town in *England*: and one of the beſt built in it, for all the houſes are new, from one end to the other. The road from hence to *Langholm* is delightfully pleaſant, running moſtly by the ſide of a clear river. But it was paſt ſeven before we reached *Selkirk*.

Saturday 24. We had froſt in the morning, ſnow before ſeven, piercing winds all day long, and in the afternoon vehement hail: ſo that I did

not wonder we had a ſmall congregation at *Edinburgh* in the evening.

Sunday 25. I attended the *Tolbooth* Kirk at eleven. The ſermon was very ſenſible; but having no application, was no way likely to awaken drowſy hearers. About four I preached at Lady *Maxwell's*, two or three miles from *Edinburgh*, and at ſix in our own houſe. For once it was thoroughly filled. I preached on, *God is a ſpirit, and they that worſhip him, muſt worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth.* I am amazed at this people. Uſe the moſt cutting words, and apply them in the moſt pointed manner: ſtill they *hear*, but *feel* no more than the ſeats they ſit upon!

Monday 26. I went to *Glaſgow*, and preached in the evening to a very different congregation. Many attended in the morning, although the morning preaching had been long diſcontinued both here and at *Edinburgh*. In the evening many were obliged to go away, the houſe not being able to contain them. Wedneſday 28, we found the ſame inconvenience, but thoſe who could get in, found a remarkable bleſſing: Thurſday 29, the houſe was thoroughly filled at four: and the hearts of the people were as melting wax. Afterwards I returned to *Edinburgh*, and in the evening the houſe was well filled. So that we muſt not ſay, "The people of *Edinburgh* love the word of God only on the Lord's-day."

Friday 30. We went to *Perth*, now but the ſhadow of what it was, though it begins to lift up its head. It is certainly the ſweeteſt place in all *North-Britain*, unleſs perhaps *Dundee*. I preached in the *Tolbooth*, to a large, and well-behaved congregation. Many of them were preſent again at five in the morning, May 1. I then went to *Dundee*, through the Carſe of *Gowry*, the fruitfulleſt valley in the kingdom. And I obſerve a ſpirit of improvement prevails

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in *Dundee*, and all the country round about it. Handſome houſes ſpring up on every ſide. Trees are planted in a dance. Waſtes and Commons are continually turned into meadows and fruitful fields. There wants only a proportionable improvement in religion, and this will be one of the happieſt countries in *Europe*.

In the evening I preached in our own ground to a numerous congregation: but the next afternoon to one far more numerous; on whom I earneſtly enforced, *How long halt ye between two opinions?* Many of them *ſeemed* almoſt perſuaded to halt no longer: but God only knows the heart.

Monday 3. I was agreeably ſurprized at the improvement of the land between *Dundee* and *Arbroth*. Our Preaching-houſe at *Arbroth* was compleatly filled. I ſpoke exceeding plain, on the difference of *building upon the ſand*, and building *upon the rock*. Truly theſe *approve the things that are excellent*, whether they practiſe them or no.

I found this to be a genuine Methodiſt Society: they are all thoroughly united to each other. They love and keep our Rules. They long and expect to be perfected in love: if they continue ſo to do, they will and muſt increaſe in number as well as in grace.

Monday 4. I reached *Aberdeen* between four and five in the afternoon. Tueſday 5, I found the morning-preaching had been long diſcontinued: yet the Bands and the Select Society were kept up. But many were faint and weak for want of morning-preaching and prayer-meetings, of which I found ſcarce any traces in *Scotland*.

In the evening I talked largely with the Preachers, and ſhewed them the hurt it did both to them and the people, for any one Preacher to ſtay ſix or eight weeks together in one place. Neither can he find matter for preaching every morning and evening, nor will the people come

to hear him. Hence he grows cold by lying in bed, and ſo do the people. Whereas if he never ſtays more than a fortnight together in one place, he may find matter enough, and the people will gladly hear him. They immediately drew up ſuch a plan for this Circuit, which they determined to purſue.

Thurſday 6. We had the largeſt congregation at five, which I have ſeen ſince I came into the kingdom. We ſet out immediately after preaching, and reached *Old Meldrum* about ten. A ſervant of Lady *Bamff's* was waiting for us there, who deſired I would take poſt-horſes to *Fortglen*. In two hours we reached an Inn, which the ſervant told us, was four little miles from her houſe. So we made the beſt of our way, and got thither in exactly three hours. All the family received us with the moſt cordial affection. At ſeven I preached to a ſmall congregation, all of whom were ſeriouſly attentive, and ſome, I believe, deeply affected.

Friday 7. I took a walk round about the town. I know not when I have ſeen ſo pleaſant a place. One part of the houſe is an antient caſtle, ſituated on the top of a little hill. At a ſmall diſtance runs a clear river, with a beautiful wood on its banks. Cloſe to it is a ſhady walk to the right, and another on the left hand. On two ſides up the houſe there is abundance of wood: on the other, a wide proſpect over fields and meadows. About ten I preached again with much liberty of ſpirit, on *Love never faileth*. About two I left this charming place, and made for *Keith*. But I know not how we could have got thither, had not Lady *Bamff* ſent me forward, through that miſerable road with four ſtout horſes.

I preached about ſeven to the poor of this world. Not a ſilk coat was ſeen among them: and to the greateſt part of them at five in the morning. And I did not at all regret my labour.

Saturday

Saturday 8. We reached the banks of the *Spay*. I ſuppoſe, there are few ſuch rivers in *Europe*. The rapidity of it exceeds even that of the *Rhine*: and it was now much ſwelled with melting ſnow. However we made ſhift to get over before ten; and about twelve reached *Elgin*. Here I was received by a daughter of good Mr. *Plenderlaith*, late of *Edinburgh*; with whom having ſpent an agreeable hour, I haſtened toward *Fores*: but we were ſoon at full ſtop again, the river *Findam* alſo was ſo ſwallen, that we were afraid, the *Ford* was not paſſable. However, having a good guide, we paſſed it without much difficulty. I found Sir *Lodowick Grant* almoſt worne out. Never was a viſit more ſeaſonable. By free and friendly converſation his ſpirits were ſo raiſed, that I am in hopes it will lengthen his life.

Sunday 9. I preached to a ſmall company at noon, on *His commandments are not grievous*. As I was concluding, Colonel *Grant* and his Lady came in: for whoſe ſake I began again, and *lectured* as they call it, on the former part of the xvth chapter of St. *Luke*. We had a larger company in the afternoon, to whom I preached, on *Judgment to come*. And this ſubject ſeemed to affect them moſt.

Monday 10. I ſet out for *Inverneſs*. I had ſent Mr. *M'Allum* before, on *George Whitfield's* horſe, to give notice of my coming. Hereby I was obliged to take both *George* and Mrs. *M'Allum* with me in my chaiſe. To eaſe the horſes, we walked forward from *Nairn*, ordering *Richard* to follow us, as ſoon as they were fed: he did ſo, but there were two roads. So as we took one, and he the other, we walked about twelve miles and a half of the way, through heavy rain. We then found *Richard* waiting for us at a little Ale-houſe, and drove on to *Inverneſs*. But, bleſſed be God, I was no more tired, then when I ſet out from *Nairn*. I

preached at ſeven to a far larger congregation then I had ſeen here ſince I preached in the Kirk. And ſurely the labour was not in vain: for God ſent a meſſage to many hearts.

Tueſday 11. Notwithſtanding the long diſcontinuance of morning-preaching, we had a large congregation at five. I breakfaſted at the firſt houſe I was invited to at *Inverneſs*, where good Mr. *M'Kenzie* then lived. His three daughters live in it now; one of whom inherits all the ſpirit of her father. In the afternoon we took a walk over the bridge, into one of the pleaſanteſt countries I have ſeen. It runs along by the ſide of the clear river, and is well cultivated, and well wooded. And here firſt we heard abundance of birds, welcoming the return of ſpring. The congregation was larger this evening than the laſt: and great part of them attended in the morning. We had then a ſolemn parting, as we could hardly expect to meet again in the preſent world.

Wedneſday 12. I dined once more at Sir *Lodowick Grant's*, whom likewiſe I ſcarce expect to ſee any more. His Lady is lately gone to reſt, and he ſeems to be ſwiftly following her. A Church being offered me at *Elgin* in the evening, I had a multitude of hearers, whom I ſtrongly exhorted, to *Seek the Lord while he may be found*. Thurſday 13, we took a view of the poor remains of the once magnificent Cathedral. By what ruins are left, the workmanſhip appears to have been exquiſitely fine. What barbarians muſt they have been, who haſtened the deſtruction of this beautiful pile, by taking the lead off the roof!

The Church was again well filled in the evening, by thoſe who ſeemed to *feel* much more than the night before. In conſequence, the morning congregation was more than doubled, and deep attention ſat on every face. I do not deſpair of

good:

good being done even here——provided the Preachers be ſons of thunder.

Friday 14. We ſaw at a diſtance the Duke of *Gordon's* new houſe, ſix hundred and fifty feet in front! Well might the *Indian* aſk, "Are you *white* men no bigger than we *red* men? Then why do you build ſuch lofty houſes?" The country between this and *Bamff*, is well cultivated and extremely pleaſant. About two I read prayers and preached in the *Epiſcopal* Chapel at *Bamff*, one of the neateſt towns in the kingdom. About ten I preached in Lady *Bamff's* dining-room at *Fortglen*, to a very ſerious, though genteel congregation: and afterwards ſpent a moſt agreeable evening with the lovely family.

Saturday 15. We ſet out early and dined at *Aberdeen*. On the road I read *Ewen Cameron's* tranſlation of *Fingal*. I think, he has proved the authenticity of it, beyond all reaſonable contradiction. But what a Poet was *Oſſian*? Little inferior to either *Homer* or *Virgil*: in ſome reſpects ſuperior to both. And what an Hero was *Fingal*. Far more humane than *Hector* himſelf, whom we cannot excuſe, for murdering one that lay upon the ground. And with whom *Achilles*, or even *pious Æneas*, is not worthy to be named. But who is this excellent tranſlator, *Ewen Cameron*? Is not his other name, *Hugh Blair*?

Sunday 16. I went to *Newborough*, a ſmall fiſhing town, fifteen miles North of *Aberdeen*. Here is at preſent, according to its bigneſs, the livelieſt Society in the kingdom. I preached here, in a kind of Square, to a multitude of people. And the whole congregation appeared to be moved, and ready prepared for the Lord.

At two in the afternoon, Mr. *Black* read prayers, and I preached in *Trinity* Chapel. It was crowded with people of all denominations. I preached from 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3, in utter defiance of their common ſaying, "He is a good man,

man, though he has bad tempers." Nay, if he has *bad tempers*, he is no more a *good man*, than the devil is a *good angel*. At five I preached in our own Chapel, exceedingly crowded, on *The form and power of godlineſs*. I am now clear of theſe people, and can cheerfully commend them to God.

Monday 17. I reached *Arbroth*, and enquired into that odd event, which occurred there in the latter end of the laſt war. The famous Captain *Fell* came one afternoon to the ſide of the town, and ſent three men on ſhore, threatning to lay the town in aſhes, unleſs they ſent him thirty thouſand pounds. That not being done, he began firing on the town the next day, and continued it till night. But perceiving the country was alarmed, he ſailed away the next day, having left ſome hundred cannon balls behind him; but not having hurt man, woman or child, or any thing elſe, ſave one old barn door.

Tueſday 18. I preached at *Dundee*. Wedneſday 19, I croſſed over the pleaſant and fertile county of *Fife*, to *Melval*-houſe, the grand and beautiful ſeat of Lord *Leven*. He was not at home, being gone to *Edinburgh*, as the King's Commiſſioner: but the Counteſs was with two of her daughters and both her ſons-in-law. At their deſire, I preached in the evening, on *It is appointed unto man once to die*. And I believe God made the application. Thurſday 20, it blew a ſtorm. Nevertheleſs with ſome difficulty, we croſſed the *Queen's-Ferry*. Friday 21, I examined the Society, and found about ſixty members left. Many of theſe were truly alive to God. So our labour here is not quite in vain. Saturday 22, I had ſome cloſe converſation with *L. M.* who appeared to be clearly ſaved from ſin, although exceedingly depreſſed by the tottering tenement of clay. About noon I ſpent an hour with her poor ſcholars, forty of whom ſhe has provided

provided with a ſerious maſter, who takes pains to inſtruct them in the principles of religion, as well as in reading and writing. A famous Actreſs juſt come down from *London*, which for the honour of *Scotland*, juſt during the ſitting of the Aſſembly, ſtole away a great part of our congregation to-night. How much wiſer are theſe *Scots* than their forefathers!

Sunday 23. I went in the morning to the *Tolbooth* Kirk: in the afternoon to the Old Epiſcopal Chapel. But they have loſt their glorying: they *talked* the moment ſervice was done, as if they had been in *London*. In the evening the Octagon was well filled; and I applied with all poſſible plainneſs, *God is a Spirit: and they that worſhip him, muſt worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth.*

Monday 24. I preached at *Dunbar*. Tueſday 25, I ſpent an hour with Mr. and Mrs. *F.* a woman every way accompliſhed. Neither of them had ever yet heard a ſermon out of the Kirk. But they ventured that evening, and I am in hope, they did not hear in vain. Wedneſday 26, we went on to *Berwick-upon-Tweed*. The congregation in the Town-hall was very numerous. So it was likewiſe at five in the morning. Thurſday 27, we travelled through a delightful country to *Kelſo*. Here the two Seceding Miniſters have taken true pains to frighten the people from hearing us, by retailing all the ribaldry of Mr. *Cudworth*, *Toplady*, and *Rowland Hill*. But God has called one of them to his account already, and in a fearful manner. As no houſe could contain the congregation, I preached in the Church-yard: and a more decent behaviour I have ſcarce ever ſeen. Afterwards we walked to the Duke of *Roxburgh's* ſeat, about half a mile from the town, finely ſituated on a riſing ground, near the ruins of *Roxburgh*-Caſtle. It has a noble caſtle; the front, and the offices round make it look like a little town. Moſt of the apartments within are finiſhed

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in an elegant, but not in a coſtly manner. I doubt whether two of Mr. *Laſcelle's* rooms at *Harwood-houſe* did not coſt more in furniſhing than twenty of theſe. But the Duke's houſe is far larger, containing no leſs than forty bed-chambers. But it is not near finiſhed yet, nor probably will be, till the owner is no more ſeen.

Friday 28. I entered to *England* once more, and in the evening preached in the Town-hall at *Alnwick*. Saturday 29, I ſhould have preached in the Town-hall at *Morpeth*, but it was pre-engaged by a company of ſtrolling Players. So we retired into our own Preaching-houſe. In the afternoon I went on to *Newcaſtle*.

May 30. Whitſunday, the rain obliged us to be in the Orphan-houſe both morning and evening. But in the afternoon I was forced to preach abroad at the *Fell*, by the multitudes that flocked together, partly moved by the death of *William Bell* and his wife, one ſo ſoon after the other.

Tueſday, June 1. About nine I preached to a large number of the poor people at *Howdenpans*: at noon in *North-Shields*, and in the evening at *Newcaſtle*: where I had now great ſatisfaction, the congregation both morning and evening, being larger than they had been for many years, and the Society being much alive, and in great peace and harmony. Friday 4, I went over to *Sunderland*, and found the work of God here alſo in a proſperous ſtate. Saturday 5, I ſaw as many of the people, ſick or well, as I could, and was much comforted among them. Sunday 6, I preached at eight in the Room. At eleven in *Monk-Weremouth* Church. I purpoſed preaching abroad at *Newcaſtle* in the evening, but the weather would not permit. So I preached in the houſe, on *This is the record that God hath given unto us eternal life: and this life is in his Son.*

Monday

Monday 7. About noon I preached at *Anham*, and in the evening in the Town-hall at *Hartlepool*, where I had not been for ſixteen years.

Tueſday 8. I came to *Stockton-upon-Tees*. Here I found an uncommon work of God among the children. Many of them from ſix to fourteen, were under ſerious impreſſions, and earneſtly deſirous to ſave their ſouls. There were upwards of ſixty who conſtantly came to be examined, and appeared to be greatly awakened. I preached at noon, on *The kingdom of heaven is at hand*, and the people ſeemed to feel every word. As ſoon as I came down from the deſk, I was encloſed by a body of children: one of whom and another ſunk down upon their knees, until they were all kneeling. So I kneeled down myſelf and began praying for them. Abundance of people ran back into the houſe. The fire kindled and run from heart to heart, till few, if any, were unaffected: is not this a new thing in the earth? God begins his work in children. Thus it has been alſo in *Cornwall*, *Mancheſter*, and *Epworth*. Thus the flame ſpreads to thoſe of riper years: till at length they all know him and praiſe him from the leaſt unto the greateſt.

Wedneſday 9. I went to *Barnardcaſtle*. Here I was informed, that my old School-fellow, Mr. *Fielding* and his wife, were gone to reſt. His ſon not chuſing to live there, had let his lovely houſe to a ſtranger. So in a little time his very name and memory will be loſt!

Sunday 10. After preaching at five, I took horſe for the *Dales*, and about eight preached at *Cutherſton*. Here I had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſome of our brethren who had been long at variance, cordially reconciled. Hence we rode through rain and wind to *Newbiggen* in *Teeſdale*. Being but a poor horſeman, and having a rough horſe, I had juſt ſtrength for my journey, and none to ſpare: but after reſting awhile, I preached without any wearineſs.

Having

Having then procured an eaſier horſe, I rode over the great mountain into *Waredale*. But I found not my old hoſt: good *Stephen Watſon* was removed to *Abraham's* boſom. So was that mother in Iſrael, *Jane Nattres*, (before, *Salkeld*) the great inſtrument of that amazing work among the children. But God is with them ſtill: moſt of the Leaders and many of the people are much alive to God. As we found in the evening, when we had ſuch a ſhower of grace as I have ſeldom known.

Friday 11. About ten, riding through a village called *Middleton*, I was deſired to preach there. So I began in the ſtreet without delay. A large number of people came together, and received the word with gladneſs. Afterwards we rode at leiſure to *Barnardcaſtle:* and on Saturday 12, to *Darlington*.

Sunday 13. We had a ſound, uſeful ſermon at Church: at eight I preached in our own Room, deſigning to preach abroad in the afternoon: but the rain prevented. Monday 14, about noon I preached at *Northallerton*, and I believe, God touched many hearts: as alſo at *Thirſk*, where I preached in the evening to an attentive congregation.

Tueſday 15. I preached once more to my old friends at *Oſmotherly*. About noon I preached at *Potto*, and in the evening at *Hutton-rudby*, where we had a glorious opportunity: ſome great perſons who were preſent ſeemed to be ſtruck, and almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians. Wedneſday 16, I preached in *Stokeſley* about eight, in *Giſborough* at noon, and in the evening at *Whitby*.

The morning congregation filled the houſe. Indeed the Society here may be a pattern to all in *England*. They deſpiſe all ornaments but good works, together with a meek and quiet ſpirit. I did not ſee a ruffle, no nor a faſhionable cap among them, though many of them are in

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eaſy circumſtances. I preached at the Market-place in the evening, where were at leaſt thrice as many as the houſe could contain.

Saturday 19. I met ſuch a Select Society as I have not ſeen ſince I left *London*. They were about forty, of whom I did not find one, who had not a clear witneſs of being ſaved from inbred ſin. Several of them had loſt it for a ſeaſon, but could never reſt till they had recovered it. And every one of them ſeemed now, to walk in the full light of God's countenance.

About one I preached to another congregation of plain people, at *Robinhood's-Bay*. Here was the firſt Society in all theſe parts, ſeveral years before there was any in *Whitby*. But their continual jars with each other, prevented their increaſe either in grace or number. At preſent they ſeem to be all at peace. So I hope we ſhall now have joy over them.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation at *Scarborough*. Sunday 20, the new Vicar ſhewed plainly, Why he refuſed thoſe who deſired the liberty for me to preach in his Church. A keener ſermon I never heard. So all I have done to perſuade the people to attend the Church is overturned at once! And all who preach thus, will drive the Methodiſts from the Church, in ſpite of all I can do. I preached in the evening, on 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3. And God mightily confirmed his word, applying it to the hearts of many of the hearers.

Monday 21. The rain drove us into the houſe at *Burlington*. Tueſday 22, we ſtopped at a little town, where Mr. *Oſbaldeſton* lately lived, a gentleman of large fortune, whoſe lady was as gay and faſhionable as any. But ſuddenly ſhe ran from Eaſt to Weſt. She parted with all her clothes, dreſſed like a ſervant, and ſcarce allowed herſelf the neceſſaries of life. But who can

convince her that she is going too far? I fear nothing less than Omnipotence.

About one I preached to a large and remarkably serious congregation at *Beverley*: about six at *Hull*. Afterwards I met the Society, and strongly exhorted them, *To press on to the prize of their high calling*. Thursday 24, I preached about one at *Pocklington*, and in the evening at *York*, where I enforced, *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve*. Friday 25, many were in tears, and a fire seemed to run through the whole congregation, while I opened that Scripture, *They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness*. Such another opportunity we had in the evening, while I was explaining the words of our Lord to the Centurion, *Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee*.

Saturday 26. About two I preached at *Thorn*, and enquired what fruit remained of the great work of God there? Some, I found, had drawn back to their sins; but many held fast what they received. Hence I rode to *Epworth*, which I still love beyond most places in the world. In the evening I besought all them, that had been so highly favoured, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain*.

Sunday 27. I preached at *Misterton* at eight, and at *Overthorp*, about one. At four I took my stand in *Epworth* Market-place, and preached on those words in the Gospel for the day, *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance*. It seemed, as if very few, if any, of the sinners then present were unmoved.

Monday 28. I enquired into the state of the work of God, which was, so remarkable two years ago. It is not yet at an end: but there has been a grievous decay, owing to several causes. 1. The Preachers that followed *Thomas Tattershall*, were neither so zealous nor so diligent

as

as he had been: 2. The two Leaders, to whom the young men and lads were committed, went up and down to preach, and ſo left them in a great meaſure to themſelves; or rather to the world and the devil. 3. The two women, who were the moſt uſeful of all others, forſook them; the one leaving town, and the other leaving God. 4. The Factories, which employed ſo many of the children, failed, ſo that all of them were ſcattered abroad: 5. The meetings of the children by the Preachers were diſcontinued; ſo their love ſoon grew cold: and as they roſe into men and women, fooliſh deſires entred, and deſtroyed all the grace they had left. Nevertheleſs, great part of them ſtood firm, eſpecially the young maidens, and ſtill adorn their profeſſion. This day I met the children myſelf, and found ſome of them ſtill alive to God. And I do not doubt, but if the Preachers are zealous and active, they will recover moſt of thoſe that have been ſcattered.

To-day I entered on my eighty-ſecond year, and found myſelf juſt as ſtrong to labour, and as fit for exerciſe of body or mind, as I was forty years ago. I do not impute this to ſecond cauſes, but to the Sovereign Lord of all. It is He who bids the Sun of life ſtand ſtill, ſo long as it pleaſeth him.

I am as ſtrong at eighty-one, as I was at twenty-one: but abundantly more healthy, being a ſtranger to the head-ach, tooth-ach, and other bodily diſorders, which attended me in my youth. We can only ſay, *The Lord reigneth!* While we live, let us live to Him!

In the afternoon I went to *Gainſborough*, and willingly accepted the offer of Mr. *Dean's* Chappel. The audience was large, and ſeemed much affected: poſſibly ſome good may be done, even at *Gainſborough!* Tueſday 29, I preached in the ſtreet at *Scotter*, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. It was a ſolemn and com-

ſortable ſeaſon. In the evening I read prayers and preached in *Ouſton*-Church, and again in the morning. Wedneſday 30, in the evening I preached at *Epworth*. In the reſidue of the week, I preached morning and evening in ſeveral of the neighbouring towns.

Sunday, July 4. I read prayers and preached in *Ouſton*-Church, ſo filled as probably it never was before. And believe every one, awakened or unawakened, felt God was there. The congregation in the afternoon at *Epworth* Market-place, was thought to be larger than ever it was before. And great was the Holy One of Iſrael in the midſt of them.

Monday 5. At twelve I preached in the elegant houſe at *Doncaſter*, for once pretty well filled, and ſpoke more ſtrongly, indeed more roughly, than I am accuſtomed to do. It was ſultry hot (as it has been once or twice before) while we went to *Rotherham*, where I preached abroad to a larger congregation, both of rich and poor, than even at *Epworth*; and earneſtly enforced on thoſe who are called believers, *By their fruits ye ſhall know them.*

Tueſday 6. I joined again the Select Society, which was fallen in pieces, and prayed them to be wiſer for the time to come. I breakfaſted at that amiable old man's Mr. *Sparrow*, elder brother to his twin-ſoul, whom I knew at *Weſtminſter*. Thence I went on to *Sheffield*, where the Society is increaſed to near ſome hundred members. How ſwiftly does the work of God ſpread among thoſe, who earn their bread *by the ſweat of their brow?*

Wedneſday 7. It was ſuppoſed, there were a thouſand perſons preſent at five in the morning. A young gentlewoman was with us at breakfaſt, who was mourning, and refuſed to be comforted. We prayed for her in faith, and in a few hours ſhe was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour. In the afternoon the heat was

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ſcarce ſupportable, and it ſeemed to increaſe every hour. But between two and three in the morning, Thurſday 8, came a violent ſtorm, followed by uncommon thunder and a flood of rain, which continued about three hours: this entirely cooled the air, and ceaſing juſt as we ſet out, left us a pleaſant journey to *Wakefield*.

I recommended to the congregation here, (and afterwards in many other places) the example of the people in *Holland* (at leaſt wherever I have been) who never *talk* in a place of public worſhip, either before or after the ſervice. They took my advice. None curtſied, or bowed, or ſpoke to any one, but went out in as decent a manner and in as deep ſilence, as any I ſaw at *Rotterdam* or *Utrecht*.

Friday 9. I preached at *Huddersfield*, in the morning, at *Longwood-houſe* at noon, and in the evening at *Halifax*. Sunday 11, I preached in the morning at *Greenland-houſe*. At one and in the evening at *Halifax*. The houſe would in no wiſe contain the people: yet the wind was ſo high, that I could not preach abroad.

Monday 12. Mr. *Sutcliff* read prayers, and I preached at *Heptonſtall*, where many poor ſouls were refreſhed. Between one and two I preached in *Tedmorden*-Church, and at five in our own Preaching-houſe, boldly ſituated on the ſteep aſcent of a tall mountain.

Tueſday 13. I went to *Beverley*, a place which had been tried for many years, but without effect. It ſeems, the time was now come. High and low, rich and poor, now flocked together from all quarters: and all were eager to hear, except one man, who was the Town-crier. He began to bawl amain, till his wife ran to him, and literally ſtopped his noiſe: ſhe ſeized him with one hand, and clapped the other upon his mouth, ſo that he could not get out one word: God then began a work, which I am perſuaded will not ſoon come to an end. Wedneſday 14,

I preached at *Coln*: Thurſday 15, I retired to *Otley*, and reſted two days. Sunday 18, I preached morning and afternoon in *Bingley*-Church: but it would not near contain the congregation. Before ſervice I ſtepped into the Sunday-School, which contains two hundred and forty children, taught every Sunday by ſeveral Maſters, and ſuperintended by the Curate. So many children in one pariſh, are reſtrained from open ſin, and taught a little good manners, at leaſt, as well as to read the Bible. I find theſe ſchools ſpringing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein, than men are aware of. Who knows but ſome of theſe ſchools may become nurſeries for Chriſtians?

Tueſday 20. Though it rained all day, in the morning we had a good congregation at five. Wedneſday 21, I met the Society, and found but one or two of the original members, moſt of them being gone to *Abraham's* boſom. I was a little ſurprized to find, that only two or three of the reſt, had ſtood faſt in the glorious liberty. But indeed moſt of them recovered their loſs four years ago.

Thurſday 22. Although it rained, yet I met the congregation in the morning, and moſt of them were athirſt for full ſalvation. Friday 23. Abundance of people were preſent at five in the morning, and ſuch a company of children, as I have hardly ſeen in *England*.

Saturday 24. In the evening I went to *Hanging-Heaton*, a little village near *Dewſbury*. Some months ſince an uncommon work of God broke out here: the whole town was in a flame. There are now about two hundred in the Society, and very few that do not know God. I was obliged to preach abroad, by the multitude that flocked together. And many of them found, that God was there, to their unſpeakable comfort.

Sunday

Sunday 25. I preached to ſeveral thouſands at *Birſtal*, and to at leaſt as many at *Leeds*. Tueſday 27, our Conference began, at which four of our brethren, after long debate, (in which Mr. *Fletcher* took much pains) acknowledged their fault, and all that was paſt was forgotten. Thurſday 29, being the public Thankſgiving-day, as there was not room for us in the Old Church, I read prayers, as well as preached at our Room. I admired the whole ſervice for the day. The Prayers, Scriptures, and every part of it, pointed at one thing. *Beloved, if God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.* Having five Clergymen to aſſiſt me, we adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper, as was ſuppoſed, to ſixteen or ſeventeen hundred perſons.

Sunday, Aug. 2. We were fifteen Clergymen at the Old Church.

Tueſday 3. Our Conference concluded in much love, to the great diſappointment of all. This evening I went as far as *Halifax*, and the next day to *Mancheſter*. Thurſday 5, we ſet out early, but being obliged to go round about, could not reach *Shrewſbury* till half paſt ſeven. I began preaching immediately, in memory of good *John Appleton*, lately called away, on *Whatſoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom in the grave whither thou goeſt.* Friday 6, I preached at *Birmingham*, and on Saturday 7, at *Worceſter*.

Sunday 8. I preached in the afternoon in St. *Andrew's* Church, and was agreeably ſurprized, to obſerve the congregation deeply attentive, while I applied the ſtory of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

Monday 9. I rode over *Malvern*-hills, which affords one of the fineſt proſpects in the kingdom, to *Ledbury*: then through miſerable roads, to *Roſs*. I preached in the evening at *Monmouth*, to a very quiet and civil congregation. Tumults were now at an end, as I lodged at the houſe of a gentleman,

whom

whom none cared to oppoſe. And even in the morning we had a large congregation, both of rich and poor.

Tueſday 10. I took a walk to what is called the Bowling-green-houſe, not a mile from the town. I have hardly ſeen ſuch a place before. A gravel walk leads through the moſt beautiful meadows ſurrounded on all ſides by fruitful hills, to a gently-riſing ground, on the top of which is a ſmooth green, on which the gentry of the town frequently ſpend the evening in dancing. From hence ſpread various walks bordered with flowers, one of which leads down to the river, on the back of which runs another walk, whoſe artleſs ſhades are not penetrated by the ſun. Theſe are full as beautiful in their kind, as even the hanging-woods at *Brecknock*. Wedneſday 11, it was with ſome difficulty that I broke from this affectionate people, and went on through a moſt lovely country to *Brecon*.

Thurſday 12. I found the little flock were in great peace, and increaſing in number as well as in ſtrength. I preached in the Town-hall. I never ſaw ſuch a congregation in *Brecknock* before; no, not even when I preached abroad. And I ſcarce ever found the power of God ſo preſent. It ſeemed as if every one *muſt* know the Lord, *from the leaſt to the greateſt*

Friday 13. We went on to *Carmarthen*. After preaching, I adviſed all the audience, to copy after the decent behaviour of the *Hollanders*, in and after public worſhip. They all took my advice: none opened their lips, till they came into the open air.

Saturday 14. Was the hotteſt day we have had this ſummer. We reached *Tenby* ſoon after one. After dinner we took a walk through the town. I think there is not ſuch a town in *England*. It is the *Kilkenny* of *Great-Britain*. Two thirds of the antient town are either in ruins, or vaniſhed away. In the evening I preached in the

the ſtreet, to a large congregation of rich and poor, all quiet and attentive. I cannot but think, ſalvation is at length come to this town alſo. I preached again in the morning, Sunday 15, and the word ſeemed to ſink into the hearts of the hearers. Thence we went by *Pembroke* to St. *Daniel's*. It was a comfortable ſeaſon. We had ſuch another at *Pembroke* in the evening. Many mourned after God, and many rejoiced with joy unſpeakable.

Monday 16. I preached at *Haverford-Weſt*. Tueſday 17, we rode over to *Roach*, eight miles from *Haverford*. The new Preaching-houſe was pretty well filled: and I was glad to find, that a little ride did me no harm. Wedneſday 18, I went to Admiral *Vaughan's* at *Tracoon*, one of the pleaſanteſt ſeats in *Great-Britain*. The houſe is emboſomed in lofty woods, and does not appear till you drop down upon it. The Admiral governs his family, as he did in his ſhip, with the utmoſt punctuality. The bell rings, and all attend without delay, whether at meals, or at morning and evening prayer. I preached at ſeven, on Phil. iii. 8, and ſpent the evening in ſerious converſation.

Thurſday 19. I went on to Mr. *Bowen's* at *Llynguair*: another moſt agreeable place: the more ſo becauſe of the company, Mr. and Mrs. *Bowen*, his brother, and ſix of their eleven children, two of whom are lately come from the Univerſity. Friday 20, about eight. I preached in the Church at *Newport*, and ſpoke ſtrong words, if haply ſome might awake out of ſleep. Thence we went to *Haverford-Weſt*: it being the day when the Biſhop held his Viſitation. As I was returning in the afternoon from viſiting ſome of the poor people, a carriage in the ſtreet obliged me to walk very near a Clergyman, who made me a low bow. I did the ſame to him; though I did not then know the Biſhop: who has indeed won the hearts of the people in general,

general, by his courteous and obliging behaviour.

Sunday 22, I heard a good ſermon in the Church at *Carmarthen*; being the Aſſize Sermon, on *There is no power but of God.* In the evening I preached in the Market-place, to I think the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw in *Wales.* Thurſday 26, on the road I read over *Voltaire's* "Memoirs of himſelf." Certainly never was a more conſummate coxcomb! But even his character is leſs horrid than that of his royal hero! Surely ſo unnatural a brute never diſgraced a throne before!

Credite Romani Credite Graii! A monſter, that made it a fixed rule, To let no woman and no Prieſt enter his palace; that not only gloried in the conſtant practice of Sodomy himſelf; but made it free for all his ſubjects! What a pity that his father had not beheaded him in his youth, and ſaved him from all this ſin and ſhame.

In the evening I preached in the Town-hall at *Cardiff*, and ſhewed the Scriptural meaning of that much miſtaken, *A Chriſtian.* Friday 27, I preached at *Newport.* I hardly know ſuch another place. The people hear and hear: and are as much moved as the benches they ſit upon. I ſpoke as ſtrong as I poſſibly could, on *Awake thou that ſleepeſt!* And I judged, from the number who attended at five in the morning, that it was not all loſt labour.

Saturday 28. Being informed, the boat would paſs at eight, we haſtened to the New Paſſage. But we were time enough. For it did not ſet out, till paſt ſix in the evening. However we got into the boat about ſeven, and before nine reached *Briſtol.*

Tueſday 31. Dr. *Coke*, Mr. *Whatcoat*, and Mr. *Vaſey*, came down from *London*, in order to embark for *America.*

Wedneſday,

Wedneſday, Sept. 1. Being now clear in my own mind, I took a ſtep which I had long weighed in my mind, and appointed Mr. *Whatcoat*, and Mr. *Vaſey*, to go and ſerve the deſolate ſheep in *America*. Friday 3, I preached at *Guinea-ſtreet*, and the word of God was with power, in conſequence of which there was a large congregation at five in the morning, although they had not been accuſtomed before, to any ſervice at that hour. Saturday 14, in the evening I preached at *Bath*. Sunday 5, I read prayers, preached, and adminiſtred the ſacrament, to a large congregation: but it was larger in the afternoon, and largeſt of all in the evening, when I opened and applied, *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf*. And many were laid in the balance, and found wanting, even of thoſe who had often appealed to this very rule.

Wedneſday 8. I preached at *Kendalſhare*, where I do not remember to have been for near forty years. On the two following days, I preached at *Chelton* and *Coleford*. After preaching to an earneſt congregation at *Coleford*, I met the Society. They contained themſelves pretty well, during the exhortation, but when I began to pray, the flame broke out. Many cried aloud: many ſunk to the ground; many trembled exceedingly: but all ſeemed to be quite athirſt for God, and penetrated by the preſence of his power.

Sunday 12. Dr. *Coke* read prayers, and I preached in the New Room. Afterward I haſtened to *Kingswood*, and preached under the ſhade of that double row of trees, which I planted about forty years ago. How little did any one then think that they would anſwer ſuch an intention! The ſun ſhone as hot as it uſed to do even in *Georgia*. But his rays could not pierce our canopy: and our Lord mean time ſhone upon many ſouls, and refreſhed them that were weary.

Monday

Monday 13. I visited one that was confined to her bed, and in much pain, yet unspeakably happy, rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in every thing giving thanks: yea, and testifying that she had enjoyed the same happiness without any intermission for two and twenty years.

Tuesday 14. I preached at *Bath*, and *Bradford*: Wednesday 15, at *Trowbridge*, and *Frome*. Thursday 16, I went to *Ditcheat*, a village near *Castle-Cary*, where I found a friendly, hospitable family: I preached in the evening to a numerous and earnest congregation. Friday 17, the house would not contain half the people. Hence we passed through a delightful country to the *Nunnery*, a mere elegant trifle, near king *Alfred's* Tower, a lofty, triangular building, standing in the highest part of the country, on the very spot (as is supposed) where he drew up his army against the *Danes*. About eleven I preached at *Castle-Cary*, to a quiet and attentive multitude. In the evening I preached at *Shepton-Mallet*, where the people at length know the day of their visitation. Saturday 18, I preached in the neat, cheerful Church at *Midsummer-Norton*.

Monday 20. Tuesday, and Wednesday, I met the Classes, but found no increase in the Society. No wonder, for discipline had been quite neglected: and without this, little good can be done among the Methodists. Thursday 23, I preached at *Paulton* about one, and at *Pensford* in the evening. The gentlemen at *Chew-Magna*, having sent me word, "I was welcome to preach in the Church," I went thither the next morning. But they now sent me word, "They had changed their minds:" so I preached in our own Preaching-house, on *If we let him alone, all men will believe on him.*

Thursday

Thurſday 30. I had a long converſation with *John M'Geary*, one of our *American* Preachers, juſt come to *England*. He gave a pleaſing account of the work of God there, continually increaſing, and vehemently importuned me, to pay one more viſit to *America* before I die. Nay, I ſhall pay no more viſits to new worlds, till I go to the world of ſpirits.

Saturday, Oct. 2. It pleaſed God once more to pour out his ſpirit on the family at *Kingswood*. Many of the children were much affected: I talked particularly with ſome, who deſired to partake of the Lord's-ſupper. They did ſo the next morning. Afterwards I ſpent a little time with all the children; and eaſily obſerved an uncommon awe reſting upon them all. In the evening we renewed our Covenant with God, in the New Room at *Briſtol*. It was ſuppoſed we had a thouſand communicants, and I believe none went empty away.

Monday 4. I ſet out for *London*. About eleven I preached at the *Devizes*, and in the evening at *Sarum*. A grievous ſtumbling-block was lately thrown in the way of this people. A young gentlewoman, after being deeply convinced of ſin, found peace with God in a glorious manner. She was unſpeakably happy: but not long after, ſuddenly fell into black deſpair, and afterwards into melancholy madneſs, wherein ſhe continued about two years. Here was an occaſion of offence, for them that ſought occaſion, which they took care to improve.

Wedneſday 6. About eleven I preached at *Wincheſter*, and in the evening at *Portſmouth-Common*. Thoſe, who could not get in, at firſt made a little noiſe, but in a ſhort time, all was quiet. Thurſday 7, I croſſed over to the Iſle of *Wight*. In the afternoon I preached at *Newtown*, once the largeſt town in the Iſle: but now not having ſix houſes together. In the evening all the Miniſters, and moſt of the Gentry at *Newport*

attended the preaching. Who hath warned them to flee from the wrath to come? O may many *bring forth fruit with patience*? Friday 8, we returned to *Portſmouth-Common*, and Saturday 9, to *London*.

Monday 18. I ſet out for *Oxfordſhire*, and in the evening preached at *Wallingford*. Tueſday 19, I ſpent an hour at Lord *Harcourt's* ſeat, near *Nuneham*, one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots I have ſeen. It ſtands on a gently riſing hill, and commands a moſt delightful proſpect. The rooms are not ſo grand as ſome, but elegant in the higheſt degree. So is alſo the front of the houſe, and what is called the flower garden, a ſmall encloſure, ſurrounded by lofty trees, and filled with all the beauties that Nature and Art can give.

The houſe at *Oxford* was thoroughly filled, and Students as well as Townſmen were deeply ſerious. Thurſday 21, I preached at *Witney*, on *As thou haſt believed, ſo be it done unto thee.* We had a large congregation at five in the morning: at twelve I met the children, and was pleaſed to find, that the impreſſion which was made on them by the ſtorm laſt year, is not yet worne out. And the whole Society, ſtill double to what it was, appears to be much in earneſt.

After preaching in the evening, I met the *Select Society*, and found many of them who for ſeveral years have loſt nothing of what they had received, but do ſtill love *God with all their heart*, and in conſequence, *rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks.* Tueſday 22, I preached at *High Wycombe* about noon, and in the afternoon went on to *London*.

Sunday 24. I preached at *Shadwell* Church, which was exceedingly crowded with rich and poor, who all ſeemed to receive the truth in love. In the evening I took coach, and the next evening preached at *Norwich*. Afterwards I adviſed the people to go away in ſilence. And they

they did ſo: neither man nor woman ſpoke, till they were out of the houſe. The following days I viſited the other Societies in the Circuit, and on Tueſday, Nov. 1, returned to *London*.

Friday 5. We had a ſolemn Watch-Night. Saturday 6, I was an hour or two in converſation wih that truly great man, *Paſcal Paoli*; who is a tall, well-made, graceful man, about ſixty years of age: but he does not look to be above forty. He appears to have a real regard for the public good, and much of the fear of God. He has a ſtrong underſtanding, and ſeemed to be acquainted with every branch of polite literature. On my ſaying, "He had met with much the ſame treatment with that of an antient lover of his country, *Hannibal*:" he immediately anſwered, "But I have never yet, met with a King of *Bithynia*."

Monday 8. This week I viſited the Societies near *London*, a very heavy but neceſſary work. Thurſday 18, I viſited two perſons in *Newgate*, who were under ſentence of death. They ſeemed to be in an excellent temper, calmly reſigned to the will of God. But how much ſtreſs can be reaſonably laid on ſuch impreſſions, it is hard to ſay. So often have I known them vaniſh away, as ſoon as ever the expectation of death was removed.

Saturday 20. At three in the morning two or three men broke into our houſe, through the kitchen-window. Thence they came up into the parlour, and broke open Mr. *Moore's* bureau, where they found two or three pounds: the night before I had prevented his leaving there ſeventy pounds, which he had juſt received. They next broke open the cupboard, and took away ſome ſilver ſpoons. Juſt at this time the alarum, which Mr. *Moore* by miſtake had ſet for half paſt three (inſtead of four) went off, as it uſually did, with a thundering noiſe. At this the thieves ran away with all ſpeed, though

their work was not half done: and the whole damage which we ſuſtained, ſcarce amounted to ſix pounds.

Monday 22. I preached at *Northampton*, and on Tueſday 24, at *Whittlebury*. Here my ſervant was ſeized with a fever, attended with eruptions all over, as big as pepper-corns. I took knowledge of the *Prickley heat*, as we called it in *Georgia*, termed by Dr. *Heburden*, the *Nettle raſh*, and aſſured him, He would be well in four and twenty hours. He was ſo, and drove us on to *Banbury*, where on Wedneſday 24. I met with a hearty welcome from Mr. *George*, formerly a member of the *London* Society. The Preſbyterian Miniſter offering me the uſe of his Meeting, I willingly accepted his offer. It was, I believe, capable of containing near as many people as the Chapel at *Weſt-Street*. But it would not near contain the congregation. And God uttered his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice: neither the ſorrow, nor the joy, which was felt that night, will quickly be forgotten.

Thurſday 25. I deſired the people would ſit below in the morning, ſuppoſing not many would be preſent. But I was much miſtaken: notwithſtanding the darkneſs and rain, the houſe was filled both above and below. And never did I ſee a people who appeared more ready prepared for the Lord. Returning through *Brackley* I was informed, That notice had been given of my preaching there at nine in the Town-hall. So I began without delay: the congregation was large and attentive, but ſeemed to underſtand me no more than if I had been talking Greek. But the Society ſeemed alive to God, and ſtriving to enter in at the ſtrait gate.

In the evening I preached at poor, dead *Towceſter*. But is not God able to raiſe the dead? There was a conſiderable ſhaking among the dry bones. And who knows but theſe dry bones may live?

Friday

Friday 26. I returned to *London*. Sunday 28, I preached a Charity-Sermon at St. *Paul's, Covent-Garden*. It is the largeſt and the beſt conſtructed Pariſh Church that I have preached in for ſeveral years: yet ſome hundreds were obliged to go away, not being able to get in. I ſtrongly enforced the neceſſity of that humble, gentle, patient love, which is the very eſſence of true religion. Monday 29, in the evening I preached at *Hinxworth*, in Miſs *Harvey's* new houſe. Tueſday 30, I viſited my old friends at *Bedford*, but found Mr. *Hill* was gone to reſt; and Mr. *Parker* was juſt quivering on the verge of life. However I rejoiced to find him clearly poſſeſſed of that *perfect love*, which he had ſo long oppoſed.

Wedneſday, Dec. 1. I preached at St. *Neot's*, to the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw here. And I know not that ever I knew them ſo affected. It ſeemed as if God touched all their hearts. Thurſday 2, I preached about noon at *Bugden*, and in the evening to a crowded congregation at *Binlington*. I wondered that I ſaw nothing here of a young Clergyman, who laſt year profeſſed much love and eſteem. But I ſoon heard, his eyes were opened to ſee *the Decrees*. So he knows *me* no more!

Friday 3. Partly riding, and partly walking through wind and rain, and water and dirt, we got at laſt to *Luton*, where I found a large congregation, and we greatly rejoiced in God our Saviour. Satuuday 4, I went on to *London*.

Monday 6. I went to *Tunbridge-Wells*, but not without difficulty; part of the road being made ſcarce paſſable, through the abundance of rain. I preached in the large *Preſbyterian* Meeting-houſe: but the violent rain thinned the congregation. Yet on Tueſday 7, we ſet out in a lovely morning: but in about an hour, juſt as a pack of hounds came on in full cry, a furious ſtorm of hail met them in the teeth,

and utterly silenced them. It soon turned snow, which so covered the road, that we could scarce get on, though we walked good part of the way; so that we could not get to *Robertsbridge* till after the time appointed. The snow likewise so retarded us in our journey to *Rye*, that we were above an hour in the night. However the house was well filled with serious hearers, so that I did not repent of my labour.

Wednesday 8. With great difficulty with two pair of good horses, we got on fifteen miles in five hours. But we could not reach *Sevenoaks* till the congregation had been long waiting. Thursday 9, going on to *Shoreham*, we found that venerable man, *Mr. Perronet*, ninety-one years of age, calmly waiting for the conclusion of a good warfare. His bodily strength is gone, but his understanding is little impaired, and he appears to have more love than ever. After preaching to an earnest congregation in the evening, and to great part of them in the morning, I returned to *London*.

Monday 13, and the two days following, I preached at *Canterbury*, *Dover*, and *Sittingburn*. Thursday 16, I went to *Sheerness*, where Mr. *Fox* read prayers, and I preached on those words in the second Lesson, *If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* I hardly ever spoke stronger words. May God make the application! I never before found this Society in such a state as they were now, being all in general athirst for God, and increasing in number as well as in grace. Friday 17, I preached at *Chatham*, where likewise I found only peace and love: and on Saturday 18, cheerfully returned to *London*.

Monday 20. I went to *Hinxworth*, were I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. *Simeon*, Fellow of *King's-College* in *Cambridge*. He has spent some time with Mr. *Fletcher* at *Madeley*: two kindred souls: much resembling each other, both in

fervour

ſervour of ſpirit, and in the earneſtneſs of their addreſs. He gave me the pleaſing information, that there are three Pariſh Churches in *Cambridge*, wherein true ſcriptural religion is preached, and ſeveral young gentlemen, who are happy partakers of it.

I preached in the evening on Gal. vi. 14. Tueſday 21, I ſpent a little time with the children at Miſs *Harvey's* ſchool, whom ſhe likewiſe carefully inſtructs herſelf. After dinner we ſet out for *Wreſtlingworth*, and having a ſkilful guide, who rode before the chaiſe and picked out the beſt way, we drove four miles in only three hours. Wedneſday 22, I returned to *London*, and concluded my journeys for the preſent year.

Saturday 25. We met as uſual, in the New Chapel at four: at ten, and in the afternoon I preached in *Weſt-Street*: and afterwards ſpent a comfortable hour, in meeting the Society.

Sunday 26. I preached the condemned criminals' ſermon in *Newgate*. Forty-ſeven were under ſentence of death. While they were coming in, there was ſomething very awful in the clink of their chains: but no ſound was heard, either from them or the crowded audience, after the text was named. *There is joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine juſt perſons, that need not repentance.* The power of the Lord was eminently preſent, and moſt of the priſoners were in tears. A few days after, twenty of them died at once, five of whom died in peace. I could not but greatly approve of the ſpirit and behaviour of Mr. *Villette*, the Ordinary. And I rejoiced to hear, that it was the ſame on all ſimilar occaſions.

Friday 31. We had a ſolemn Watch-Night, and uſhered in the New Year with the voice of praiſe and thankſgiving.

Saturday,

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1785. Wether this be the laſt or no, may it be the beſt year of my life! Sunday 2, a larger number of people were preſent this evening at the renewal of our Covenant with God, than was ever ſeen before on the occaſion.

Tueſday 4. At this ſeaſon we uſually diſtribute coals and bread among the poor of the Society. But I now conſidered, they wanted clothes, as well as food. So on this, and the four following days, I walked through the town, and begged two hundred pounds, in order to cloth them that wanted it moſt. But it was hard work, as moſt of the ſtreets were filled with melting ſnow, which often lay ankle deep; ſo that my feet were ſteeped in ſnow-water nearly from morning till evening; I held it out pretty well till Saturday evening, I was laid up with a violent flux, which increaſed every hour, till at ſix in the morning, Dr. *Whitehead* called upon me. His firſt draught made me quite eaſy: and three or four more perfected the cure. If he lives ſome years, I expect he will be one of the moſt eminent Phyſicians in *Europe*.

I ſuppoſed my journeys this winter had been over; but I could not decline one more. Monday 17, I ſet out for poor *Colcheſter*, to encourage the little flock. They had exceeding little of this world's goods, but moſt of them had a better portion. Tueſday 18, I went on to *Miſtleythorn*, a village near *Manningtree*. Some time ſince, one of the Shipwrights of *Deptford*-Yard, being ſent hither to ſuperintend the building of ſome men of war, began to read Sermons on a Sunday evening in his own houſe. Afterwards he exhorted them a little, and then formed a little Society. Some time after, he begged one of our Preachers, to *come over and help them*. I now found a lively Society, and one of the moſt elegant congregations I had ſeen for many years. Yet they ſeemed as willing to be inſtructed, as if they

they had lived in *Kingswood*. Wedneſday 19, I returned to *Colcheſter*, and on Thurſday 20, preached to a lovely congregation at *Purfleet*, and the next morning returned to *London*.

Sunday 23, I preached morning and afternoon at *Weſt-Street*, and in the evening in the Chapel at *Knightſbridge*: I think, it will be the laſt time; for I know not that I have ever ſeen a worſe behaved congregation.

Tueſday 25. I ſpent two or three hours in the Houſe of Lords. I had frequently heard, that this was the moſt venerable aſſembly in *England*. But how was I diſappointed! What is a Lord, but a ſinner, born to die!.

Sunday, Jan. 30. From thoſe words, *Righteous art thou, O Lord, and true are thy judgments*, I endeavoured to point out thoſe ſins, which were the chief cauſe of that awful tranſaction we commemorate this day: I believe the chief ſin, which brought the King to the block, was his perſecuting the real Chriſtians. Hereby he drove them into the hands of deſigning men, which iſſued in his own deſtruction.

Sunday, Feb. 6. We had a Love-Feaſt. I could not but obſerve the manner, wherein ſeveral of them ſpoke one after another. Not only the matter, but the language; the accent, the tone of voice, wherewith illiterate perſons, men and women, young and old, ſpoke, were ſuch as a ſcholar need not be aſhamed of. *Who teacheth like him!*

Sunday 13. I met the ſingle women, and exhorted them to conſider, to prize and to improve the advantages they enjoyed. On the following days, I viſited many of our poor, to ſee with my own eyes, what their wants were, and how they might be effectually relieved?

Sunday 20. I preached in *Spitalfields* Church in the morning, and in the afternoon at St. *Ethelburg's*, and in the evening at the New Chapel. On Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday, I viſited

the

the reſidue of the ſick and poor. Friday 25, I received letters from the Preachers, Stewards, and Leaders at *Plymouth-Dock*, informing me, That *William Moore* had renounced the Methodiſts, hired a place to preach in, and drawn away about forty of our members, to form a Society for himſelf. They therefore begged I would come down as ſoon as poſſible, to quench the kindling fire. I ſaw no time was to be loſt, and therefore immediately took places in the *Exeter* Diligence.

Sunday 27. I preached in *Stepney* Church, one of the largeſt Pariſh Churches in *England*. Monday 28, the Diligence reached *Sarum* about eight in the evening. About nine we left it. So keen a froſt, I hardly ever felt before. And our carriage let in the air on all ſides, ſo that we could hardly preſerve life. However, ſoon after five on Tueſday evening, we got to *Exeter*. Wedneſday, March 2, we went on to *Plymouth-Dock*, and found all that we had heard, confirmed. But I verily believe, we are better without *William Moore*, than with him, as his heart is not right with God.

To quiet the minds of many well-meaning perſons, I preached on thoſe comfortable words, *Even the hairs of your head are all numbered*. And in the morning, on *Deſpiſe not thou the chaſtening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him*. Thurſday 3, in the evening I read to the whole congregation, a plain ſtate of the caſe, with regard to the Deed of Declaration, which *William Moore* had ſo wonderfully miſrepreſented: and I believe they were fully ſatisfied.

Friday 4. I took a walk through the Royal Hoſpital, for ſick and wounded ſailors. I never ſaw any thing of the kind ſo compleat: every part is ſo covenient, and ſo admirably neat. But there is nothing ſuperfluous, and nothing purely ornamental, either within or without. There ſeems to be nothing wanting, but a man

full

full of faith and zeal, to watch over the ſouls of the poor patients, and teach them to improve their affliction.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation at *Plymouth*, and it pleaſed God to give me uncommon liberty, in deſcribing the power of faith. What a bleſſed proof of this has there been here, ſince I was in the town before!

Preaching at the *Dock* in the evening, I beſought all ſerious people, Not to *grieve the Holy Spirit of God*, but to *put away all bitterneſs and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-ſpeaking*. I exhorted them in particular, Not to talk about Mr. *Moore* at all, but to give him up to God.

Sunday 6. I preached at the *Dock* at ſeven. Between one and two I began at *Plymouth*: and as many as could get in, ſeemed to be deeply affected with the application of thoſe words, *Go thy way, and as thou haſt believed, ſo be it done unto thee.*

In the afternoon I accepted of an invitation from Dr. *Gench*, the Phyſician of the Hoſpital, and paſſed an agreeable hour with a man of ſenſe, and it ſeems of conſiderable learning. At five I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe, on *The form and power of godlineſs*. In the evening I met the Society once more, confirmed in the truth more than ever, and more determined, to walk in the good old way, wherein they had continued from the beginning.

Monday 7. We had a pleaſant journey to *Exeter*, and on Tueſday to *Bath*. But the coach did not come in ſoon enough for me to preach in the evening. Nevertheleſs we had a large congregation in the morning. Wedneſday 9, this Society too is much improved ſince I was here laſt. Many ſtumbling-blocks are removed out of the way, and brotherly love is increaſed.

After ſpending a day or two at *Briſtol*, on Saturday 12, I returned to *Bath*, and preached to a numerous congregation. Great part of

of them were preſent again at ſix in the morning. Sunday 20, I went over to *Kingswood*, and preached the funeral ſermon of *Ann Noble*, an old member of the Society, who having adorned the goſpel above forty years, died in the full triumph of faith.

Monday 21. I ſet out early and dined at *Stroud*. The death of Mr. *Willis*, ſnatched away in the midſt of his years, but a few days before, brought abundance of people to the Preaching-houſe. And moſt of them were deeply ſerious, ſo that we had a very ſolemn hour. Tueſday 22, I preached in *Painſwick* at noon, and at ſix in the Court-houſe at *Gloceſter*. A multitude of people flocked together; many of whom were of the better ſort. And moſt of them appeared to be, for the preſent, almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians. Wedneſday 23, about eleven I preached at *Tewkſbury*, and in the evening at *Worceſter*. Thurſday 24, I breakfaſted at Mrs. *Price's*, a Quaker, who keeps a Boarding-ſchool. I was much pleaſed with her children, ſo elegantly plain in their behaviour as well as apparel. I was led, I know not how to ſpeak to them largely: then to pray. And we were all much comforted. The Society is in great peace, and ſtriving together for the hope of the goſpel. I have not ſeen greater earneſtneſs and ſimplicity, in any Society ſince we left *London*.

I was now conſidering, how ſtrangely the grain of muſtard-ſeed, planted about fifty years ago, has grown up. It has ſpread through all *Great Britain*, and *Ireland*; the Iſle of *Wight*, and the Iſle of *Man*: then to *America*, from the *Leeward Iſlands*, through the whole Continent, into *Canada*, and *Newfoundland*. And the Societies in all theſe parts, walk by one rule, knowing religion is holy tempers; and ſtriving to worſhip God not in form only, but likewiſe *in ſpirit and in truth*.

March

March 25. (Good-Friday) I haſtened to reach *Birmingham*, before the Church ſervice began. A ſharper froſt I never knew. But indeed our houſe was hot enough in the evening: and I have not ſeen a more earneſt people. Such an advantage it is, to be fully employed! In every place we find labouring men moſt ſuſceptible of religion. Such a bleſſing reſults from that curſe, *In the ſweat of thy brow thou ſhalt eat bread.*

Saturday 26. I had deſigned to reſt: but notice had been given of my preaching at *Quinton* at noon. As the houſe would not hold the people, I was conſtrained, cold as it was, to preach abroad. And they all ſeemed to *feel* that ſolemn queſtion, *How ſhall we eſcape, if we neglect ſo great ſalvation?*

In the evening my heart was enlarged in ſuch a manner as I have ſeldom known: ſo that I detained the congregation conſiderably longer than I am accuſtomed to do: and all the people ſeemed determined to *glorify God, with their body and their ſpirit.*

March 27. (Eaſter-Day) I preached at ſeven, on *The Lord is riſen indeed*, with an uncommon degree of freedom, and then met the Local Preachers, ſeveral of whom ſeemed to have caught the faſhionable diſeaſe, Deſire of independency: they were at firſt very warm, but at length agreed to act by the Rules laid down in the Minutes of the Conference.

The weather now changed. Small rain fell ſome hours, and then turned into ſnow: this made it very dirty. However the poor people got through, and filled *Darlaſton* Church. Hence I returned to *Wedneſbury*; but could not preach abroad, the ground being covered with ſnow. As many as could, crowded into the houſe. A Love-feaſt followed, at which many plain people ſpoke without reſerve. The artleſs propriety with which they ſpoke, muſt be truly aſtoniſhing.

to all who did not conſider that promiſe, *Ye ſhall be all taught of God.*

Monday 28. I preached a kind of Funeral Sermon, on *Sarah Wood*, one of the firſt members of the Society. For above fifty years ſhe adorned the gōſpel, being a pattern of all holineſs. She was confined to her bed for ſeveral months. Being aſked, "If time did not hang upon her hands?" She anſwered, "No, the Bible is my delight." "How can that be, ſaid her friend, when you cannot ſee?" "Very well, ſaid ſhe; for the Lord brings it to my remembrance." So without doubt or fear, ſhe delivered up her ſoul to her merciful and faithful Creator.

About eleven I preached at *Wolverhampton*, and ſpent the afternoon with the aimable family at *Hilton-Park*. Tueſday 29, at noon, I preached in the Room at *Stafford*, to a deeply affected congregation. This was the more ſtrange, becauſe there are few towns in *England* leſs infected with religion than *Stafford*. In the evening I preached at *Newcaſtle*, to a very ſerious and much affected congregation. Wedneſday 30, we found a difficulty at *Lane-End*. Even at noon the houſe contained not a third of the congregation. The wind was piercing cold. Nevertheleſs I preached abroad. And God warmed our hearts. In the evening I was greatly comforted among our brethren at *Borſlem*, well eſtabliſhed in grace. And ſuch another congregation I met with, Thurſday 31, at *Congleton*.

Friday, April 1. I came to *Macclesfield*, where Mr. *Simpſon* had given notice of my preaching in his Church. Here I fully delivered my own ſoul, and on Saturday 2, went on to *Mancheſter*. Sunday 3, our brethren flocking in from all parts, the houſe, large as it is, could not contain them. It was ſuppoſed we had twelve hundred communicants. Monday 4, I preached to our old, loving congregation at *Bolton*. Tueſday 5, at noon, I preached at *Wingate*, in the

the open air: the congregation were quite ripe for all the goſpel bleſſings, devouring every word. In the evening I preached at *Wigan*. I never before ſaw this Preaching-houſe full. But it was more than full to-night; and with deeply attentive hearers. Wedneſday 6, I preached at *Liverpool*: but I found no ſhip there ready to ſail; ſo Thurſday 7, (after preaching at *Warrington* in the way) I haſtened to *Cheſter*. Neither was there any ſhip at *Pargate* ready to ſail: ſo Friday 8, we took coach, and reached *Holyhead* between four and five on Saturday in the afternoon. Between nine and ten we went on board the *Clermont* Pacquet. But it was a dead calm: till paſt ten on Sunday 19, when the company deſired me to give them a ſermon. After ſermon, I prayed that God would give us a full and ſpeedy paſſage; while I was ſpeaking the wind ſprung up, and in twelve hours brought us to *Dublin* Bay. Does not our Lord ſtill hear prayer? I found ſuch a reſting place at our own houſe, as I never found in *Ireland* before, and two ſuch Preachers, with two ſuch wives, I know not where to find again. In the evening, and ſo every evening beſide, we had Sunday-evening congregations. And in the morning they were larger by a third part, than thoſe I had, when I was here laſt.

On Tueſday and the three following days, I examined the Society. I never found it in ſuch a ſtate before: many of them rejoiced in God their Saviour, and were as plain in their apparel, both men and women, as thoſe in *Briſtol* and *London*. Many, I verily believe, love God with all their hearts: and the number of theſe increaſe daily. The number of the whole Society is ſeven hundred and forty-ſeven. Above three hundred of theſe have been added in a few months: a new and unexpected thing! In various places indeed we have frequently felt

"The overwhelming power of ſaving grace;" which acted almoſt irreſiſtibly. But ſuch a ſhower of grace never continued long; and afterwards men might reſiſt the Holy Ghoſt as before. When the general ferment ſubſides, every one that partook of it, has his trial for life. And the higher the flood, the lower will be the ebb: yea, the more ſwiftly it roſe, the more ſwiftly it falls. So that if we ſee this here, we ſhould not be diſcouraged. We ſhould only uſe all diligence, to encourage as many as poſſible, to preſs forward, in ſpite of all the refluent tide. Now eſpecially we ſhould warn one another, not to grow weary or faint in our mind: if happly we may ſee ſuch another prodigy, as the late one at *Paulton* near *Bath*. Where there was a very ſwift work of God, and yet a year after, out of an hundred converted, there was not *one* backſlider!

The number of children that are clearly converted to God is particularly remarkable. Thirteen or fourteen little maidens in one claſs, are rejoicing in God their Saviour. And are as ſerious and ſtayed in their whole behaviour, as if they were thirty or forty years old. I have much hopes, that half of them will be ſtedfaſt, in the grace of God which they now enjoy.

Sunday 17. We had ſuch a number of communicants at the Cathedral, as was ſcarce ever ſeen there before. In the evening many were cut to the heart: and I believe not a few comforted. A Love-feaſt followed; at which many ſpoke what God had done for their ſouls, with all plainneſs and ſimplicity.

Monday 18. I went through a delightful country to *Proſperous*, a little town begun five years ago, by Captain *Brooke*, juſt returned from the *Eaſt-Indies*. Here he introduced every branch of the Cotton Manufactory, on a moſt extenſive plan. He built two rows of commodious houſes, with all convenient appurtenances.

And

And he now employs about two thouſand men, women and children, on the ſpot, beſide near the ſame number in other places.

They had a very large room, but not near large enough for the congregation. All that got in, ſeemed much affected, as they did likewiſe at five in the morning. About fifty of them are already joined in a Society. Fair bloſſoms! But what will the fruit be?

A remarkable circumſtance, we were informed, occurred near this place, about three weeks before. A poor woman, who owed her landlord fourteen pounds, ſcraped ſeven together, which ſhe brought him. But he abſolutely refuſed to take leſs than the whole, yet detained her in talk till evening. She then ſet out on a car. When ſhe was within a mile of home, ſhe overtook a ſoldier, who ſaid he was exceedingly tired, and earneſtly intreated her, to let him ride with her on the car, to which ſhe at length conſented. When they came to her houſe, finding there was no town within two miles, he begged he might ſit by the fire-ſide till morning. She told him, ſhe durſt not ſuffer it, as her's was a lone houſe, and there was none in it but herſelf and her girl; but at laſt, ſhe agreed, he ſhould lie in the girls bed, and ſhe and the girl would lie together. At midnight two men, who had blackened their faces, broke into the houſe, and demanded her money? She ſaid, "Then let me go into the next room and fetch it." Going in, ſhe ſaid to the ſoldier, "You have requited me well for my kindneſs, by bringing your comrades to rob my houſe." He aſked, "Where are they?" She ſaid, "In the next room." He ſtarted up, and ran thither. The men ran away with all ſpeed. He fired after them, and ſhot one dead; who being examined, appeared to be her landlord! So that a ſoldier was ſent to protect an innocent woman, and puniſh an hardened villain!

Tuesday 19. I preached at ten to an uncommonly large and serious congregation at *Edinderry*. In the evening I preached at *Tyrrels-Pass*, where a small, dead Society is all that now remains. Such another I found at *Coolylough*, on Wednesday 20. Thursday 21, going to *Athlone*, I found the scene entirely changed: there has not been for many years so much life in the Society. Many of the old dead members are quickened again. Many are added to them: and there is no jar of any kind among them: they provoke one another only to love and to good works.

Friday 22. It is just seven years since I was here before: and I find little change in many, only that they are more dead to the world, and consequently more alive to God. And for a few that have left them, God has given them double, that are either alive to God, or athirst for him.

Sunday 24. In the afternoon I preached at the East end of the Market-house. I scarce ever saw so numerous a congregation at *Athlone*. And all were attentive: not a word was heard, and scarce any motion was to be seen. I trust the seed now sown will not wither away, but grow up into everlasting life.

Monday 25. Being desired to preach at *Ballinasloe*, in my way to *Aghrim*, I stood about eleven in the shade of a large house, and preached to a numerous congregation of Papists and Protestants equally attentive, on *The kingdom of God is at hand*. As I entered *Aghrim*, the Rector, who was waiting at his gate, welcomed me into the country, and desired me to use his Church, both now and whenever I pleased: I preached there at six. It was thoroughly filled with well-behaved hearers. But the Society here, as well as that at *Tyrrels-Pass*, is well-nigh shrunk into nothing! Such is the baleful influence of riches! The same effect we find in every place. The

more

more men increaſe in goods, (very few excepted) the more they decreaſe in grace.

Tueſday 26. I went on to *Eyre-court*. Here alſo the Miniſter gave me the uſe of his Church: but the people ſeemed to underſtand little of the matter. As I had not this privilege at *Birr*, I went to the Square, where the owner of a large houſe, invited me to preach before it. The congregation was exceeding large; but many of them wild as colts untamed. However the far greater part of them were ſeriouſly attentive. I am in hopes the work of God will revive here alſo: the rather becauſe he has fully reſtored one of the moſt eminent backſliders in the kingdom.

When I came to *Tullamore*, the Miniſter was willing that I ſhould preach in the Church: where both the ſoldiers and all the officers attended. And our great Captain was preſent alſo.

Thurſday 28. I ſuppoſed the houſe at *Portarlington* would have more than contained the congregation: but it would ſcarce contain a third part of them. So I removed to the Market-houſe, and preached on the *General Judgement*. The word was quick and powerful, ſo that very few appeared to be unaffected.

In the evening I preached in the Church at *Mountmelick*. Perhaps ſuch a congregation was never there before. But the greater part of them ſeemed to be of *Gallio's* mind, to *care for none of theſe things*.

Friday 29. I preached in our own houſe at *Killkenny*, to juſt ſuch another congregation. But thoſe that attended in the morning were of a nobler ſpirit, and I found uncommon liberty among them.

Saturday 30. I preached at *Waterford* in the Court-houſe, one of the largeſt in the kingdom. A multitude of people quickly ran together, which occaſioned ſome tumult at firſt; but it was quickly

quickly over, and all were deeply attentive. Surely God will have much people in this city.

Sunday, May 1. At eight I preached in the Court-houſe to a larger congregation than before. At eleven I went to the Cathedral, one of the moſt elegant Churches in *Ireland*. The whole ſervice was performed with the utmoſt ſolemnity. After ſervice, the Senior Prebend, Dr. *Fall*, invited me to dinner, and deſired, "when I came again, I would take a bed at his houſe." I doubt, that will never be!

At four I preached at the head of *the Mall*, to a *Moorfields* congregation, all quiet and attentive. Monday 2, the congregation at five in the morning was larger than that on Saturday evening: and all of them appeared to have (for the preſent at leaſt,) a real concern for their ſalvation: O that it may not paſs away as the morning dew!

I took a ſolemn farewell of this affectionate people, concluding with thoſe awful words:

"Now on the brink of death we ſtand;
And if I paſs before;
You all may ſafe eſcape to land,
And hail me on the ſhore."

Tueſday 3. We ſet out for *Dungarvan-ferry*. But in ſpite of all the ſpeed we could make, the road was ſo horrible, that we could not reach *Youghall* before ſix in the evening: at ſeven, the Court-houſe was filled from end to end. And ſuch was the attention of all, high and low, that I hope many of them will bring forth fruit to perfection.

Wedneſday 4. At five in the morning the Court-houſe was thoroughly filled. So in the evening I preached in *the Mall*: where the congregation was much the ſame as the laſt at *Waterford*. Only that they were in general Proteſtants, as are moſt in the town: who are alſo

alſo ſome of the moſt courteous and quiet people in the kingdom.

Thurſday 5. Before I came half way to *Cork*, I was met by about thirty horſe-men. We dined at *Middleton*, and then rode on through a pleaſant, well cultivated country to *Cork*. In the evening, many in the crowded congregation were much comforted.

Friday 6. I made an exact enquiry into the ſtate of the Society. I found the number was about four hundred, many of whom were greatly in earneſt. Many children, chiefly girls, were indiſputably juſtified: ſome of them were likewiſe ſanctified, and were patterns of all holineſs.

But how ſhall we keep up the flame that is now kindled, not only in *Cork*, but in many parts of the nation? Not by ſitting ſtill; but by ſtirring up the gift of God that is in them: by uninterrupted watchfulneſs; by warning every one and exhorting every one; by beſieging the throne with all the powers of prayer: and after all, ſome will, and ſome will not improve the grace which they have received. Therefore there muſt be a falling away. We are not to be diſcouraged at this: but to do all that in us lies to-day, leaving the morrow to God.

Saturday 7. On this day that venerable ſaint, Mr. *Perronet*, deſired his Grand-daughter, Miſs *Briggs*, who attended him day and night, to go out into the garden, and take a little air. He was reading and hearing her read, the three laſt chapters of *Iſaiah*. When ſhe returned, he was in a kind of extaſy, the tears running down his cheeks, from a deep ſenſe of the glorious things which were ſhortly to come to paſs. He continued unſpeakably happy that day, and on Sunday was, if poſſible, happier ſtill. And indeed heaven ſeemed to be as it were opened, to all that were round about him. When he was in bed, ſhe went into his room to ſee if any thing was wanting; and as ſhe ſtood at the feet

of

of the bed, he ſmiled and broke out, "God bleſs thee, my dear child, and all that belong to thee. Yea, he *will* bleſs thee!" which he earneſtly repeated many times, till ſhe left the room. When ſhe went in the next morning, Monday 9, his ſpirit was returned to God!

So ended the holy and happy life of Mr. *Vincent Perronet*, in the ninety-ſecond year of his age. I follow hard after him in years, being now in the eighty-ſecond year of my age. O that I may follow him in holineſs! And that my laſt end may be like his!

Sunday 8. In the afternoon I ſtood in the vacant ſpace near the Preaching-houſe, capable of containing many thouſands. An immenſe number aſſembled: there was no diſturbance: the days of tumult here are over. And God has now of a long ſeaſon made our enemies to be at peace with us.

Monday 9. About noon I preached at *Kinſale*, in the *old Bowling-Green*, which lies on the top of the hill, and commands a large proſpect, both by ſea and land. All behaved well, but a few officers, who walked up and down, and talked together during the whole ſervice. The poor in *Ireland* in general are well-behaved: all the ill-breeding is among well-dreſſed people. In the evening I preached in the main ſtreet at *Bandon*, to a very numerous congregation, but ſome of them were better clothed than taught: for they laughed and talked great part of the time.

Such a tranſaction occurred here laſt week, as has not occurred this century. A ſoldier walking over the bridge, met a countryman, and taking a fancy to his ſtick, ſtrove to wrench it from him: his companion knocked the ſoldier down. News of this being carried to the Barracks, a whole troop of ſoldiers marched down, and without any provocation fell upon the countrymen coming into the town, purſued them into

into the houſes where they fled for ſhelter, and hacked and hewed them without mercy: two and forty were wounded, ſeveral maimed, and two killed upon the ſpot.

Wedneſday 11. I returned from *Bandon* to *Cork*, and after endeavouring to confirm thoſe that were much alive to God, on Friday 13, with ſome difficulty I broke looſe from my affectionate friends, and in two long ſtages reached *Killſinnan*. It being too ſtormy to preach abroad, I preached in the Aſſembly Room: all the hearers were ſerious and well-behaved. I truſt, ſome will bring forth fruit with patience.

Afterwards I took a ſurvey of the *Daniſh* mount near the town, the firſt I have ſeen, ſurrounded with a triple ditch. But it is not either ſo high or ſo large, as that near *Dundee*. Is it not ſtrange, that the *Iriſh*, as well as the *Scots*, ſhould ſo ſoon have driven out thoſe mercileſs robbers, who defied all the ſtrength of *England*, for ſo long a time? Saturday 14, I found a far greater curioſity, a large *Druidical* Temple. I judged by my eye, that it was not leſs than a hundred yards in diameter. And it was, if I remember right, full as entire as *Stone-henge*, or that at *Stanton-Drue*. How our anceſtors could bring or even heave theſe enormous ſtones, what Modern can comprehend!

In the evening we found many of our old friends at *Limerick*, were removed to *Abraham's* boſom. May 15, Whitſunday, the ſervice at the Cathedral began at eleven, and laſted till three. It concluded a little ſooner, by *my* aſſiſting at the Lord's-Supper, at the requeſt of the Clergymen. Between five and ſix, I took my ſtand near the Cuſtom-houſe, amidſt an innumerable multitude of people: but they were "Wild as the untaught Indian's brood." They made ſuch a wonderful noiſe, that I judged it beſt, to give them the ground, and retire to our own houſe. Monday 16, I reſtored the Select Society, which had

had been quite neglected. In the evening I earneſtly exhorted all our brethren, To ſet out again in the good old way, and to run with patience, the race that is ſet before them,

Tueſday 17. In my way to *Gort*, I was met by ſome of our brethren of *Killchriſt*, a village eight miles beyond it, giving me an invitation from Colonel *Pearſe*, to lodge at his houſe. He ſent me to *Killchriſt*, in one of his own carriages. There I found a large number of plain people, to whom I preached in the yard. Thence I returned to the Colonel's, but the houſe being full of genteel company, I was out of my element, there being no room to talk upon the only ſubject which deſerves the attention of a rational creature.

Wedneſday 18. Learning that a little girl had ſat up all night, and then walked two miles to ſee me, I took her into the chaiſe, and was ſurprized to find her continually rejoicing in God. The perſon with whom the Preachers lodge, informed me, That ſhe has been two years poſſeſt of his pure love. We breakfaſted at *Athenry*, once a populous city. But now *Seges eſt, ubi Troja fuit.* In the afternoon we went on to *Ballinrobe.*

Having heard a remarkable account of the Charter-ſchool here, I reſolved to ſee it with my own eyes: I went thither about five in the afternoon, but found no Maſter or Miſtreſs. Seven or eight boys, and nine or ten girls (the reſt being rambling abroad) dirty and ragged enough, were left to the care of a girl, half the head taller than the reſt. She led us through the houſe. I obſerved firſt the School-room, not much bigger than a ſmall cloſet. Twenty children could not be taught there at once, with any conveience: when we came into the bed-chamber, I enquired, "How many children now lodge in the houſe?" And was anſwered, "Fourteen or fifteen boys, and nineteen girls.

For

For theſe boys there were three beds, and five for the nineteen girls. For food I was informed, the Maſter was allowed a penny farthing a day for each! Thus they are clothed, lodged, and fed! But what are they taught? As far as I could learn, juſt nothing! Of theſe things I informed the Commiſſioners for theſe ſchools in *Dublin*. But I do not hear of any alteration. If this be a ſample of the *Iriſh* Charter-ſchools, what good can we expect from them?

In my way from *Limerick* hither, I read and carefully conſidered Major *Vallancy's Iriſh* Grammar, allowed to be the beſt extant. And ſuppoſing him to give a true account of the *Iriſh* language, it is not only beyond all compariſon worſe than any antient language I know any thing of, but below *Engliſh*, *French*, *German*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, or any other modern language. The difficulty of reading it is intolerable, occaſioned chiefly by the inſufferable number of mute letters, both of vowels and conſonants; the like of which is not to be found, in any language under heaven. The number of pronouns, and the irregular formation of the verbs, is equally inſufferable. But nothing is ſo inſufferable as their poetry; the whole conſtruction of which is ſo trifling and childiſh; and yet requires more pains to write, than either the modern rhyme, or the antient attention to long and ſhort ſyllables! Friday 20, I went on to *Caſtlebar*. Here I generally find a welcome reception. Almoſt all the inhabitants here love us well, and believe the Methodiſts are good men.

Saturday 21. Mr. *Browne* of *Relins*, about three miles from *Caſtlebar*, invited us to his houſe. It is one of the pleaſanteſt places I have ſeen in the kingdom: but it was not ſo pleaſant as when I was there firſt. For his lovely wife, and an amiable daughter, are both gone into a better country.

May 22. Trinity-Sunday, I preached in the morning, on *There are three that bear record in heaven*. The congregation at Church was remarkably well-behaved: and the Rector preached a ſound, uſeful ſermon. At five I preached to an exceeding numerous congregation, and afterwards adminiſtered the Sacrament to the Society. Two Clergymen were with us, the Curate of *Caſtlebar*, and the Curate of a neighbouring pariſh; one of whom already enjoys the peace of God, and the other was earneſtly ſeeking it.

Monday 23. After a long day's journey, I preached in the new Court-houſe at *Sligo*, to far the worſt congregation that I have ſeen ſince I came into the kingdom. Some (miſcalled gentry) laughed and talked without fear or ſhame, till I openly reproved them. And the rabble were equally rude near the door. In the morning I preached in our own Preaching-houſe, chiefly for the ſake of Mrs. *Simpſon*, a mother in *Iſrael*, who has been long confined to her room. Walking about noon I was catched in a heavy ſhower, and contracted a ſevere cold. However I preached in the evening to a far civiller congregation than the night before. So I think my labour here was not quite in vain,

Wedneſday 25. I preached about ten in the Court-houſe at *Manor-Hamilton*, and then rode over the *Black-mountain*, now clothed with green, and through a delightful road, to *Florence-Court*. Here I obſerved the parti-coloured gates (as they were ſome years ſince) to be painted plain red. The wind was high and piercing cold. Yet the multitude of people obliged me to preach in the open air. Thurſday 26, I preached in the Aſſembly-Room at *Swanlingbar*, but not without difficulty, my cold being ſo increaſed, that I could not ſing, nor ſpeak, but juſt in one key. However I made ſhift to preach in the Church at *Balliconnel* in the evening, though it was very full and conſequently very hot. Friday 27, feeling

feeling myſelf much as I was eleven years ago, and not knowing how ſhort my time of working might be, I reſolved to do a little while I could. So I began at five, and though I could ſcarce be heard at firſt, yet the more I ſpoke, the more my voice was ſtrengthened. Before I had half done, every one could hear. To God be all the glory!

About ten I preached at *Killiſhandra*, to a multitude of people. But my voice was now ſo ſtrengthened, that every one could hear. In the evening, there being no houſe at *Killmore* that could contain half the cogregation, I was obliged again to preach abroad. There were ſeveral ſharp ſhowers, but none went away: for, it pleaſed the Lord to ſend therewith gracious rain on the ſouls of them that feared him.

Saturday 28. At five, though I had not quite recovered my voice, I judged it beſt to ſpeak as I could. So I preached in Mr. *Creighton's* Barn, and at ſeven in the Ball Room at *Cavan*. I had deſigned to go ſtrait from hence to *Clones*; but a friend ſending me word, That Mr. *Sanderſon* was willing I ſhould preach in his Church at *Ballihays*, I altered my purpoſe and went thither. Abundance of people were waiting for me: but Mr. *Sanderſon* having changed his mind, I preached in the Inn-Yard, to a very well-behaved congregation, of rich as well as poor. Hence I went on to *Clones*, where I found ſuch a Society, as I had hardly ſeen in *Ireland*, making it a point of conſcience, to conform to all our Rules, great and ſmall. The new Preaching-houſe was exceeding neat, but far too ſmall to contain the congregation. The firſt time I preached to-day, was with difficulty; the ſecond and third with leſs; the fourth with none at all.

Sunday 29. The morning ſervice, ſo called, began between twelve and one. At five, the

ſtorm was ſo high, that I could not preach in the Market-place, as I firſt deſigned. At length we pitched upon a ſloping meadow near the town, where we were perfectly ſheltered by the hill. I ſuppoſed the congregation would have filled the houſe at *Dublin*, more than twice over. We had ſeveral ſhowers; but the people regarded them not, being wholly taken up with better things.

Monday 30. We went on to *Caladon*. A convenient Preaching-houſe is juſt built here: which (after the forms were removed,) juſt contained the congregation. The power of God was very unuſually preſent among them. Many were cut to the heart, and refuſed to be comforted, till God ſpoke peace to their ſouls. And many did already rejoice, with joy unſpeakable.

When we came to *Armagh* on Tueſday, the wind was extremely high, and the air as cold as it uſed to be in December. However we had no place that could contain the congregation, but Mr. *M'Gough's* Avenue. And here the people crowding cloſe together, did not ſeem to regard either cold or wind. Tueſday 31, we took a walk to the Primate's palace, and had a full view of the houſe. It is elegant in the higheſt degree, and yet not ſplendid; and it is furniſhed throughout, in a handſome, though not in a coſtly manner. Since I was here before, he has added an Obeliſk an hundred feet high, and a dairy-houſe, with many other conveniences, and a Chapel, never yet uſed! But we were informed, "He *deſigns* to do many things more!" How well then may it be ſaid to *him*,

Tu ſecunda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, & ſepulchri
Immemor, ſtruis domos!

At

At eleven I preached in the Avenue again. It rained all the time; yet the congregation was large and attentive. Afterwards a decent woman, whom I never ſaw, either before or ſince, deſired to ſpeak with me, and ſaid, "I met you at *Caladon*. I had then a violent pain in my head for four weeks; but was fully perſuaded, I ſhould be well, if you would lay your hand on my cheek, which I begged you to do. From that moment I have been perfectly well." If ſo, give God the glory. In the evening the rain drove us into the Market-houſe, where we were a little diſturbed by two or three drunken men. But all the reſt (a numerous congregation) behaved with deep ſerioufneſs.

Wedneſday, June 1. I took my leave of my coeval Mr. *M'Cough*, whom I ſcarce expect to ſee again in this world. About ten I preached at *Blackwater* town, in Mr. *Roe's* yard, to a large and elegant congregation: and in the evening to a larger ſtill, at the ſide of the fort at *Charlemount*. Mrs. *T.* was an unſpeakable bleſſing to this town, while Mr. *T.* was ſtationed there. And the revival of religion, which began then, has been increaſing ever ſince.

In the road to and from *Charlemount*, I had a good deal of converſation with that amiable woman, Mrs. *R.* God has indeed dealt very mercifully with her, and her ſoul is at preſent much alive. I have great hopes, that ſhe and all her lovely family will be patterns to all that are round about them.

Thurſday 2. I went to Mr. *Caulfield's*, the Rector of *Killeman*, three miles from *Chalemount*. His houſe is agreeably ſituated, at the head of a beautiful avenue, in which I preached to a very numerous congregation, moſt of whom ſeemed to be deeply affected. I ſent my horſes on to Mr. *Cook's* town, ten Iriſh miles, Mr. *Caulfield* ſending *me* thither, Friday 3, with a pair of his. At ten I preached there, and then haſtened forward,

but I could not reach *Londonderry* before ſeven. We then found, (notwithſtanding they had but ſhort notice) a congregation gathered from all parts.

The Society here has not been ſo well eſtabliſhed for many years, as it is now. What is principally wanting is zeal for God, and entire ſelf-devotion to him.

Sunday 5. At eight I ſtrongly applied the latter part of the thirteenth chapter to the *Romans*. We had a very decent congregation at Church, but not ſo many communicants as I expected. At ſix, our Room was thoroughly filled with as ſerious hearers as ever I ſaw. Monday 6, we had a numerous congregation in the morning, of rich, as well as poor. But who is able effectually to warn theſe, to flee from the wrath to come?

At eleven I preached in an open place at *Newtown*, ſixteen miles from *Londonderry*. In the evening we had at *Colerain* a larger congregation than at *Clones* itſelf. And they ſeemed a more intelligent people, than moſt I have met with. Indeed the whole town is different from all that I have ſeen. There is no hurry or noiſe, but all quiet and ſtill, both by day and by night: ſo that no wonder, ſo many here receive the goſpel of peace, and *bring forth fruit unto perfection*.

Tueſday 7. I accepted the offer of the Preſbyterian Meeting, and preached there at noon and at ſix in the evening. Wedneſday 8, after preaching in the morning I left many of the loving people in tears, and went on to *Ballimony*, where I preached in the Court-houſe, to a very civil and a very dull congregation. From hence we went to *Ballimena*. In the afternoon I walked over to *Gracehill*, the *Moravian* Settlement: beſide many little houſes for them that are married, they have three large buildings, (on the ſame plan with that at *Fulneck*) having the Chapel in the middle, the houſe for the ſingle men on the left hand, and

that

that for the ſingle women on the right. We ſpent one or two agreeable hours, in ſeeing the ſeveral rooms. Nothing can exceed the neatneſs of the rooms, or the courteſy of the inhabitants: but if they have moſt courteſy, we have more love. We do not ſuffer a ſtranger, eſpecially a Chriſtian brother to viſit us, without aſking him either "to bite or ſup." "But it is *their way.*" I am ſorry to ſay, ſo it is. When I called on Biſhop *Antone* in *Holland*, an old acquaintance, whom I had not ſeen for ſix and forty years, till both he and I were grown grey-headed; he did not aſk me ſo much as to wet my lips! Is not this a ſhameful way! A way, contrary not only to Chriſtianity, but to common humanity? Is it not a way that a Jew, a Mahometan, yea, an honeſt Heathen would be aſhamed of?

Having now finiſhed an ingenious book, "*Le Vrayer's* Animadverſions on the Antient Hiſtorians," I thought a few paſſages worth tranſcribing, as containing ſome uncommon remarks. He ſays more for the veracity of *Herodotus*, than ever I ſaw before, and convinces me, that his authority is more to be relied on, than that of *Polybius*. Who "contrary to the truth of Hiſtory, makes *Scipio* an example of *Continence*, in giving up the fair Captive to the *Spaniſh* Prince: whereas in fact, he never would, nor did reſtore her to her huſband."

"There is not a more incredible relation in all the *Roman* Hiſtory, than that *Cletia* and all the *Roman* Virgins, who were hoſtages to the *Hetrurians*, ſwam over the river *Tyber* to *Rome*. Surely they would ſcarce have dared to look upon ſo rapid a river, much leſs to plunge into it! Eſpecially when there was no neceſſity, for the peace was then almoſt concluded.

"Some writers affirm, and it is earneſtly believed, That *Beliſarius* was reduced to *beggary*. But it is a mere fable: on the contrary, the Emperor

Emperor *Juſtinian* heaped titles and honours upon him to the laſt: although he recalled him out of *Italy*, after he had been defeated there by the *French*. *Procopius*, who wrote largely concerning him, ſays not one word of his being reduced to poverty."

Thurſday 9. Between nine and ten I preached in the Court-houſe at *Antrim*, to a large ſtaring congregation. Thence we went on to *Belfaſt*, through miſerable roads. O where is common ſenſe? At ſix I preached in the Linen-hall, to a large congregation, admirably well-behaved. I often wonder, that among ſo civil a people, we can do but little good! Friday 10, we came to *Downpatrick*, where the Preaching-houſe being too ſmall, we repaired as uſual to the Grove, a moſt lovely plain, very near the venerable ruins of the Cathedral: the congregation was as large as that at *Belfaſt*, but abundantly more awakened. The people in general were remarkably affectionate. They filled the large Preaching-houſe at five in the morning: and we ſeemed to be as cloſely united with them, as with one of our old Societies in *England*.

About eleven on Saturday I preached in the Linen-hall at *Ballinihanch*, to a numerous congregation. The country from hence to *Liſburn*, is wonderfully pleaſant and fruitful. At ſix, I preached in the Preſbyterian Meeting, a large and commodious building. And I was now with the moſt lively Society that I have ſeen for many days: owing chiefly to the good Providence of God, bringing ſiſter *Johnſon* hither. She came indeed in an acceptable time. For *J—— W——* and his wife, who for many years had been pillars, had left the Society. They had one child, a ſon, about nineteen years old, of whom they were fond enough: by a fall from his horſe, he was killed in a moment, leaving his parents inconſolable: juſt then ſhe came to *Liſburn*, and viſited them. God opened her mouth,

mouth, both in exhortation and prayer. They ſaw and acknowledged his hand. She was enabled to give up her child to God; he cried out, "Surely God has ſent an angel from heaven to comfort us!" Both of them joined the Society, and are more in earneſt for ſalvation, than they have been for many years.

Sunday 12. We had a ſolemn opportunity in the morning. In the afternoon, as no building could contain the people, I ſtood abroad and proclaimed, *There is joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine juſt perſons who need not repentance.* The hearers (allowing five perſons to a ſquare yard) were ſeven or eight thouſand.

At eleven I preached in the Church-yard at *Lurgan*. The ſun ſhone extremely hot: but we were ſheltered from it, partly by the Church, and partly by the ſpreading trees. In the afternoon I went on to *Tandragee*, one of the pleaſanteſt towns in *Ireland*, ſurrounded by woode and fruitful hills, with a clear river running between them. At ſix I ſtood in the Grove, where the tall elms ſhaded both me and the numerous congregation: ſeveral gentlemen and ſeveral Clergymen were among them: and all behaved with ſerious attention.

I lodged at the Rev. Dr. *L*——'s, where my time ſeemed exceeding ſhort. Wedneſday 15, the ſcene changed from a Palace to a Cottage at *Derry-Anvil*, a ſmall village, ſurrounded by a bog; but inhabited by lively Chriſtians. About eleven I preached in a ſhady orchard, to an exceeding large congregation: in the evening to a ſtill larger at *the Grange*, a ſmall village on the top of a hill. Many ſhowers went to the right and the left, while I was preaching: but only a few drops fell upon us. Thurſday 16, about eight I preached at *Rich-hill*, where there were many backſliders, on *How ſhall I give thee up Ephraim?* In the afternoon I came to *Newry*, where

where I never before had any tolerable place to preach in. But the Preſbyterians now offered me the uſe of their large and handſome Meeting-houſe: perhaps it never was filled before. I believe the occaſion required me to ſpeak very plain, which I did from *Elijah's* queſtion? *How long halt ye between two opinions?* And I applied it to the conſcience of each perſon, rich and poor, with all poſſible plainneſs.

Friday 17. Many of our friends from *Dublin* gave us the meeting at *Drogheda*, a large handſome town, which ſeemed to me, to be little inferior to *Waterford*. After much oppoſition, a ſmall Society is formed here. I preached in the Seſſions-houſe, a large commodious room, which was quickly filled with rich and poor. The Mayor himſelf and ſeveral of the Aldermen took care that none ſhould make any diſturbance. God gave us an exceeding ſolemn ſeaſon. After ſermon I gave a ſhort account of the Riſe of Methodiſm. I believe all were ſo ſatisfied, that there will ſcarce be any more perſecution of the Methodiſts at *Drogheda*.

Saturday 18. Having viſited all the places I propoſed, I came back to *Dublin*, juſt as well as I ſet out, my ſtrength having been as my day.

Sunday 19. I exhorted a crowded audience *to bring forth fruits meet for repentance*: and afterwards preſſed the exhortation on our own Society. Monday 20, I viſited one ill of a violent fever, and calmly triumphing over ſickneſs, and pain and death. In the evening I received a letter from a Phyſician, whom the next morning I carried to ſee her. He thoroughly underſtood her caſe. And from the day ſhe followed his preſcription, ſhe began to recover. I feared very many of the Society would be loſt before my return. But I found only three: ſo that ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven of them remained.

Wedneſday

Wedneſday 22. I went with twelve or fourteen of our friends on the canal to *Proſperous*. It is a moſt elegant way of travelling, little inferior to that of the Track-ſkaits in *Holland*. We had fifty or ſixty perſons in the boat, many of whom deſired me to give them a ſermon. I did ſo, and they were all attention: in the evening I preached at *Proſperous*, to a numerous congregation, on the *General Judgment*. After preaching at five in the morning, Thurſday 23, I took boat with a larger company than before, who about eleven deſired me to preach; for which they appeared to be exceeding thankful.

Tueſday 28. By the good providence of God, I finiſhed the eighty-ſecond year of my age. Is any thing too hard for God! It is now eleven years ſince I have felt any ſuch thing as wearineſs. Many times I ſpeak till my voice fails, and I can ſpeak no longer. Frequently I walk till my ſtrength fails, and I can walk no farther. Yet even then, I feel no ſenſation of wearineſs: but am perfectly eaſy from head to foot. I dare not impute this to Natural Cauſes. It is the will of God.

Friday, July 1. Moſt of our travelling Preachers met, to confer together on the things of God: we began and ended in much peace and love, being all reſolved, Not to *do the work of the Lord ſo lightly*. Sunday 3, we had a larger congregation than ever at St. *Patrick's*, where many of our brethren found ſuch a bleſſing, that they will not eaſily be ſo prejudiced againſt the Church, as they were in time paſt.

Wedneſday 6. We concluded our Conference. I remember few ſuch Conferences, either in *England* or *Ireland*: ſo perfectly unanimous were all the Preachers, and ſo determined to give themſelves up to God.

Sunday, July 10. I went on board *the Prince of Wales*, one of the neateſt ſhips I ever was in. We left the work of God increaſing in every part

part of the kingdom, more than it has done for many years. About two in the morning we ſailed out of *Dublin* Bay, and came into *Holyhead* Bay, before one in the afternoon, on Monday 11. That evening we went on to *Gwendy*: Tueſday 12, to *Kimmel*, one of the pleaſanteſt Inns in *Wales*; ſurrounded with gardens and ſtately woods, which their late Proprietor muſt ſee no more! Wedneſday 13, we reached *Cheſter*. After preaching there between five and ſix in the evening, I ſtepped into the Stage Coach, which was juſt ſetting out, and travelling day and night, was brought ſafe to *London* on Friday 15, in the afternoon.

Sunday 17. I preached both morning and evening on the Education of Children. I now ſpoke chiefly to the parents, informing them that I deſigned to ſpeak to the children at five the next morning. Monday 18, at five, not only the Morning Chapel was well filled, but many ſtood in the large Chapel: I truſt they did not come in vain. The reſt of the week I was fully employed in writing for the Magazine, and preparing for the Conference. Sunday 24, I preached at *Weſt-Street*, morning and afternoon: when both the largeneſs and earneſtneſs of the congregation gave me a comfortable hope, of a bleſſing at the enſuing Conference. Tueſday 26, our Conference began, at which about ſeventy Preachers were preſent, whom I had invited by name. One conſequence of this was, that we had no contention or altercation at all, but every thing propoſed was calmly conſidered, and determined as we judged would be moſt for the glory of God.

Monday, Auguſt 1. Having with a few ſelect friends, weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to their judgment, and ſet apart three of our well-tried Preachers *John Pawſon*, *Thomas Hanby*, and *Joſeph Taylor*, to miniſter in *Scotland*. And I truſt God will bleſs their miniſtrations, and

ſhew

ſhew that he has ſent them. Wedneſday 8, our peaceful Conference ended, the God of power having preſided over all our conſultations.

Sunday 7. After preaching in the morning at *Weſt-Street*, and in the afternoon at the New Chapel, I took a ſolemn leave of the Society, and on Monday 8, went in the Diligence to *Portſmouth-Common*. Here I found a lively and conſequently an increaſing Society. Tueſday 9, I croſſed over to the *Iſle of Wight*. Here alſo the work of God proſpers: we had a comfortable time at *Newport*, where is a very teachable, though uncommonly elegant congregation. Wedneſday 10, we took a walk to the poor remains of *Cariſbrook*-Caſtle. It ſeems to have been once exceeding ſtrong, ſtanding on a ſteep aſcent. But even what little of it is left, is now ſwiftly running to ruin. The window indeed through which King *Charles* attempted to make his eſcape, is ſtill in being, and brought to my mind that whole train of occurrences, wherein the hand of God was ſo eminently ſeen.

Thurſday 11. About noon I preached in a little Court, in the town of *Portſmouth*. The people were all attention: ſo there was a much larger congregation in the evening, in St. *George's* Square. Surely after all the ſtumbling-blocks which have been thrown in the way, God will have many ſouls in this place.

Friday 12. I preached at *Wincheſter*, and on Saturday 13, went on to *Saliſbury*. As Captain *Webb* had juſt been there, I endeavoured to avail myſelf of the fire, which he ſeldom fails to kindle. The congregation in the evening was very large, and ſeemed to be deeply affected: ſo they did again, at eight on Sunday morning; but I believe the greateſt bleſſing was in the evening: particularly during the prayer, wherein God was pleaſed to move many in an uncommon manner.

Monday 15. I preached in *Shaftſbury* at nine, to ſuch a congregation as I had not ſeen there before. I was glad to ſee among them, the gentleman, who thirty years ago, ſent his officer, to diſcharge me from preaching in his Borough. About two I preached at *Caſtle-Cary*, to as many as could well hear. And I believe there were very few, who did not feel, that God was with us.

In the evening I preached at *Shepton-Mallet*, but the houſe would not near contain the congregation. For many years this Society was remarkably dead: but it is now one of the livelieſt in *England*.

Tueſday 16. We went on to *Taunton*, where I expected little good. But I was agreeably diſappointed. The houſe was thoroughly filled. A ſolemn awe ſat upon the whole congregation, and God ſpoke to their hearts. The houſe was nearly filled at five in the morning, a ſight never ſeen here before. Wedneſday 17, *Collumpton* houſe was more than filled, many being conſtrained to go away. And I found uncommon liberty of ſpeech here, as well as at *Exeter* in the evening.

Thurſday 18. I had a pleaſant journey to *Plymouth-Dock*, the rain having but juſt laid the duſt. The late ſeparation here ſeems to have done little hurt: a few turbulent men have left us; but men of a more quiet ſpirit are continually added in their ſtead. So that on the whole we are gainers by our loſs. Such is the wiſdom of God!

Friday 19. In the evening I preached in the new houſe at *Plymouth*. This alſo was well filled. Sunday 21, I preached at the *Dock* at ſeven, and the houſe contained us pretty well: but in the evening, it was thought, as many went away as got in. After preaching I gave them a plain account of the beginning and progreſs of that great work of God, vulgarly called *Methodiſm*.

Monday

Monday 22. I took a cheerful leave of our brethren at the *Dock*, leaving them well united together, and on the following days preached at *Leſcard*, St. *Auſtle*, *Stricker*, (a new place near it,) *Helſton*, *Morazian*, and *Penzance*. Thurſday 25, about nine I preached at *Mouſehole*, where there is now one of the livelieſt Societies in *Cornwall*. Hence we went to the *Land's End*, in order to which we clambered down the rocks, to the very edge of the water. And I cannot think but the ſea has gained ſome hundred yards, ſince I was here forty years ago. In the evening I preached at St. *Juſt*, where are ſtill many of our eldeſt brethren, although many are gone to *Abraham's* boſom.

Friday 26. In the evening I preached in the Market-place at St. *Ives*, to almoſt the whole town. This was the firſt place in *Cornwall* where we preached, and where Satan fought fiercely for his kingdom: but now all is peace. I found old *John Nance* had reſted from his labours. Some months ſince, ſitting behind the Preacher in the pulpit, he ſunk down, was carried out, and fell aſleep!

Saturday 27. About nine I preached at the Copper-works, near *the Hale*, in the new Preaching-houſe. I ſuppoſe ſuch another is not in *England*, nor in *Europe*, nor in the world: it is round, and all the walls are braſs: that is, brazen ſlugs. It ſeems nothing can deſtroy this, till heaven and earth paſs away.

At two the Stewards of all the Societies met at *Redruth*. There is nothing but peace and love among them: and among the Societies from whence they came; and yet no great increaſe!

At our Love-feaſt in the evening, ſeveral of our friends declared, how God had ſaved them from inbred ſin, with ſuch exactneſs both of ſentiment and language, as clearly ſhewed, they were taught of God.

Sunday 28. At half paſt eight I preached at St. *Agnes*, to the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw there. Between one and two I preached in the ſtreet at *Redruth* to thouſands upon thouſands. And my ſtrength was as my need: yet I was afraid, leſt I ſhould not be able to make all thoſe hear that aſſembled in the evening. But though it was ſuppoſed, there were two or three thouſand more than ever were there before, yet they heard, (I was afterwards informed) to the very ſkirts of the congregation, while I applied thoſe ſolemn words, *One thing is needful.*

Wedneſday 31. I preached at *Launceſton*. Sept. 1, in the Market-place at *Tiverton*, and on Friday 2, opened the little Preaching-houſe at *Wallington*. At noon I preached in an antient, venerable building, once belonging to a Lord Chief Juſtice. It is odly called *Cat-hanger*. Having a ſtupid people to deal with, I ſpoke exceeding plain. And I think many of them, even *Somerſetſhire* farmers, felt as well as heard. Thence we went on to *Ditchet*. The people here are all attention: ſo that I had nothing to do, but apply the promiſes. The Society is continually increaſing, and more and more of the hearers are convinced and juſtified. What is the ſtrangeſt thing is, there is no oppoſer in the town, but rich and poor all acknowledge the work of God. Saturday 3, in the afternoon the good providence of God brought us once more well to *Briſtol*.

Sunday 4. Finding a report had been ſpread abroad, That I was juſt going to leave the Church, to ſatisfy thoſe that were grieved concerning it, I openly declared in the evening, That I had now no more thought of ſeparating from the Church, than I had forty years ago.

Tueſday 6. I preached at *Paulton*, and *Coleford*: Wedneſday 7, in an open place, near the road at *Mells*. Juſt as I began, a Waſp, though unprovoked, ſtung me upon the lip: I was afraid it would ſwell, ſo as to hinder my ſpeaking: but

but it did not. I ſpoke diſtinctly, near two hours in all, and was no worſe for it. In the evening I preached with much ſatisfaction at *Frome*, to a mixed multitude of rich and poor; and afterwards ſtrongly exhorted them that had believed to *walk in love*, after the example of our great Maſter. On Thurſday I preached at *Trowbridge*, and on Friday at *Bradford*, where the work of God has much increaſed lately: indeed it has increaſed this year through the whole Circuit, as it has not done for twenty years before. On Saturday evening I preached at *Bath*. Sunday 11, Mr. *Bradburn* preached at ſeven, and Mr. *Collins* about two in the afternoon. I began the ſervice at eleven, and preached on part of the Epiſtle, *Epheſians* iii. 14, &c. Both then and in the evening the word *diſtilled as the dew, and as the rain on the tender herb.*

Tueſday 13. I preached at *Stoke*, and in the evening at *Pensford*, where I fear, after all the pains we have taken, the generality of the people know juſt as much of Religion as the *Hottentots*. Wedneſday 14, I preached in the evening in *Temple* Church, on *Pſalm* lxxiv. 14. In the old tranſlation it runs, *The help that is done upon earth, God doth it himſelf.* (A glorious and important truth!) In the new, *Working ſalvation in the midſt of the earth.* What a wonderful emendation! Many ſuch emendations there are in this tranſlation: one would think King *James* had made them himſelf.

Thurſday 15. I went over to *Hannam* once more, and ſaw poor diſconſolate *Louiſa*, ſtill wrapping herſelf up naked in her blanket, and not caring to ſpeak to any one: the late pretty tale of her being the Emperor's daughter, is doubtleſs a mere catch-penny: and her four and twenty examinations are as credible as *Mahomet's* journey through ſeventy thouſand heavens.

Sunday 18. I read prayers and preached at the New Room in the morning, at two under the Sycamore in *Kingswood*, and at five near *King's-Square* in *Briſtol*. In the following week I viſited the Claſſes, and was amazed to find there is no increaſe in the Society; conſidering what able and diligent Preachers they have had the laſt year!

Tueſday 27. I viſited the little flock at *Ameſbury*, humble, ſimple, and much devoted to God. Friday 30, about eleven I preached in the Church at *Midſummer-Norton*, to a numerous congregation. The Curate (Mr. *Sims*) read prayers for me, and read them admirably well. About five I began at *Ditchet*: where it rained almoſt all the time I preached. But this did not much leſſen the congregation: indeed all of this town, hardly one excepted, ſeem to have a liking to the truth. Saturday, Oct. 1, I preached at *Shepton* to a crowded audience. In the evening I preached at *Weaver's-Hall*, to ſuch a congregation as I had not ſeen there for many years. Sunday 2, after reading prayers and preaching, I adminiſtered the ſacrament to many hundred communicants. We then ſolemnly renewed our Covenant with God. And while we ſolemnly avouched him to be our God, I believe many felt with holy, humble joy, that he avouched us to be his people: at four we went into the Mail Coach. At twelve, it being exceeding dark, the wheel of a waggon touched ours, and the Coach was over in a moment, but juſt on the ſpot were ſome rails which ſtopped it, ſo that it did not fall to the ground: ſo that it was eaſily ſet right again, without any hurt to man or beaſt. About ſeven we reached *Hyde-Park* Corner, and the New Chapel at eight. Tueſday 4, I made a little excurſion into *Hertfordſhire*, and on Friday 7, returned to *London*.

Monday

Monday 10. Setting out for *Oxfordſhire*, I preached at *Wallingford* in the evening, and at five in the morning. I preached in *Oxford* at noon, and in the evening at *Witney*, where the power of God uſes to be eminently preſent. Thurſday 13, returning to *Oxford*, I once more ſurveyed many of the gardens and delightful walks. What is wanting but the love of God, to make this place an earthly paradiſe? I preached in the evening to a very ſerious audience: as alſo the next evening at *High-Wycombe*. In all this Circuit the work of God appears both to widen and to deepen.

Saturday 15, I returned to *London*. Sunday 16, at nine in the evening I ſet out for *Norwich*. Tueſday 18, and the following days I viſited *Yarmouth*, and the other parts of the Circuit.

Saturday 22. I returned to *Norwich*, and in the evening ſpoke home to an uncommonly large congregation. Telling them, "Of all the people I have ſeen in the kingdom, for between forty and fifty years, You have been the moſt fickle, and yet the moſt ſtubborn." However our labour has not been loſt: for many have died in peace. And God is able to ſay to the reſidue of theſe dry bones, "Live!"

Sunday 23. I adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper to about a hundred and ſixty communicants.

Tueſday 25. I croſſed over to *Lynn*, which has been of a long ſeaſon a cold and comfortleſs place. But the ſcene is now entirely changed. Two young, zealous, active Preachers, ſtrongly urging the people, to expect a full and preſent ſalvation, have enlivened both the Society and the congregation. But the difficulty was, How to get to *London*? No Coach ſet out till Friday morning, nor got in before Saturday night. So I took a Poſt-chaiſe after preaching, and reached *Downham* between ten and eleven. But here we were informed, That in ſo dark a night, we could not travel over *Ely* roads, which run between

two

two banks, acroſs which are many bridges, where the coachman muſt drive to an inch. But we knew in whom we truſted, and puſhed forward, till about one on Thurſday we reached *London*.

Monday 31. I ſet out for *Northamptonſhire*, and in the afternoon came to *Luton*. For many years I lodged at Mr. *Cole's* in *Luton*: but he was now gone to his long home. The room prepared for me now, was very large, and very cold, and had no fire-place in it. After dinner I called upon Mr. *Hampſon*, the Lawyer, who had made Mr. *Cole's* Will. He gave me with the utmoſt courteſy, all the information I wanted; and afterwards invited me to lodge at his houſe, which I willingly did. In the evening the Preaching-houſe was thoroughly filled. And we had a bleſſed ſeaſon, both now and in the morning.

Tueſday, Nov. 1. When I came to *Northampton*, the new Preſbyterian Meeting-houſe was offered me, twice as large as our own. The congregation was numerous and deeply attentive. Many attended again in the morning: I truſt, not without a bleſſing. Wedneſday 2, I preached at *Whittlebury*. Thurſday 3, I met with *Peru's* Treatiſe upon the Gravel and Stone. I had long ſuppoſed, that there could not be in nature any ſuch thing as a *Lithontriptic*, a medicine that could diſſolve the Stone, without diſſolving the Bladder. But I am now convinced, there is no arguing againſt matter of fact. The facts here alledged are too recent to be denied, and too clear to be evaded. Therefore I cannot but earneſtly adviſe every one that has this dreadful diſtemper, to try without delay, if he can afford it, this ſovereign remedy.

Friday 4. I returned to *London*, Sunday 6, I preached a funeral ſermon for that great and good man Mr. *Fletcher*, and moſt of the congregation felt that God was in the midſt of them.

In

In the afternoon I buried the remains of *Judith Perry*, a lovely young woman, ſnatched away at eighteen. But ſhe was ripe for the bridegroom, and went to meet him in the full triumph of faith. Sunday 13, I preached at *Shoreditch* Church. The congregation was very numerous, and the collection unuſually large.

Monday 14. This week I read over again and carefully conſidered Mr. *Fry's* Tract upon Marriage. I wonder it is not more known, as there is nothing on the ſubject like it in the *Engliſh* Tongue. I ſtill think he has proved to a demonſtration, that no Marriages are forbidden, either by the Law of God or of *England*, but thoſe of Brothers and Siſters, and thoſe in the aſcending and deſcending line. The contrary ſuppoſition ſeems to be built wholly in a miſinterpretation of that expreſſion in the eighteenth chapter of *Leviticus*, Thou ſhalt not *uncover her nakedneſs*. But this he clearly ſhews, does not mean to *marry* a woman, but to *deflower* her.

Sunday 21. I preached in *Bethnal-Green* Church, and ſpoke as plain as I poſſibly could, on *Having the form of godlineſs, but denying the power of it.* And this I judged to be far more ſuitable to ſuch a congregation, than talking of *Juſtification by faith.*

Having promiſed our friends at *Wincheſter* to come and open their Preaching-houſe, when it was ready, I ſet out on Thurſday 24, and preached there in the evening to a numerous congregation. But I have not ſeen a people leſs affected: they ſeemed to be mere ſtocks and ſtones. However I have *caſt my bread upon the water.* Poſſibly it may *be found again after many days.* On Friday evening we went into the Mail Coach, and reached *London* at eight in the morning.

Sunday

Sunday 27. As ſoon as I had concluded my ſermon at the New Chapel, I haſtened away to preach at St. *Luke's*; one of the largeſt pariſh Churches in *London*. It was thoroughly filled, as it was ſeven years ago, when I preached there before. God enabled me to ſpeak ſtrong words, on the Epiſtle for the day. And I believe ſome felt, that it was now high *time to awake out of ſleep*.

Monday 28. I went to *Canterbury*: the chapel was more than filled. On Tueſday I found at *Dover* alſo a conſiderable increaſe of the work of God. Wedneſday 30, I went on to *Margate*. Some years ſince we had a ſmall Society here; but a Local Preacher took them to himſelf; only two or three remained, who from time to time preſſed our Preachers to come again. And to remove the objection, that "there was no place to preach in;" with the help of a few friends they built a convenient Preaching-houſe. Thurſday, I opened it in the evening: the congregation was large, and perfectly well behaved. And I cannot but hope, that after all the ſtumbling-blocks there will be a people here, who will uniformly adorn the goſpel of Chriſt. On Friday I returned to *London*.

Monday, Dec. 5, and ſo the whole week, I ſpent every hour I could ſpare, in the unpleaſing but neceſſary work of going through the town, and begging for the poor men who had been employed in finiſhing the New Chapel. It is true, I am not obliged to do this: but if I do it not, no body elſe will.

Sunday 11. I ſtrongly enforced St. *James's* beautiful deſcription of *the wiſdom from above*. How hard is it to fix even on ſerious hearers, a laſting ſenſe of the nature of true religion! Let it be right opinions, right modes of worſhip, or any thing, rather than right tempers!

Thurſday 22. I preached at *Highgate*. Conſidering how magnificent a place this is, I do not wonder

wonder ſo little good has been done here. For what has religion to do with Palaces?

Sunday 25, Being Chriſtmas-Day, I preached at the New Chapel early in the morning, and in the evening: about eleven at Weſt-Street. Monday 26, I baptized a young woman brought up an Anabaptiſt. And God bore witneſs to his ordinance, filling her heart at the very time, with peace and joy unſpeakable.

This week I endeavoured to point out all the Eratas in the eight volumes of the Arminian Magazine. This muſt be done by *me*: otherwiſe ſeveral paſſages therein will be unintelligible.

Sunday, January 1, 1786. We began that ſolemn ſervice, the renewing of our Covenant with God, not in the evening as heretofore, but at three in the afternoon, as more convenient for the generality of the people. And God was with us of a truth.

Monday 9. At leiſure hours this week, I read the life of Sir *William Penn*, a wiſe and good man. But I was much ſurprized at what he relates concerning his firſt wife: who lived, I ſuppoſe, fifty years, and ſaid a little before her death, "I bleſs God I never did any thing wrong in my life!" Was ſhe then ever convinced of ſin? And if not, could ſhe be ſaved on any other footing than a *Heathen?*

Tueſday 24. I was deſired to go and hear the King deliver his ſpeech in the Houſe of Lords; but how agreeably was I ſurprized? He pronounced every word with exact propriety. I much doubt whether there be any other King in Europe, that is ſo juſt and natural a ſpeaker.

Tueſday 31. I had a more particular account of *Joſeph Lee* than ever I had before. When I went firſt to *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*, I choſe him, being a man full of faith and love, to be one of the Leaders, Steward of the Society, and Caterer for our family. He diſcharged his truſt with the utmoſt ability and integrity. He walked humbly and

and closely with God and was a pattern to all the town, as well as to all the Society. But after some time, he was persuaded to quit *Newcastle*, and settle at *Nottingham*. There he fell among Antinomians, and trusting in his own strength, gradually sucked in their opinion, grew less and less strict, and lost first the power, and then the very form of religion. After he had lived some years openly and avowedly without God in the world, while he was one evening quite merry with his jovial companions, one of them said, "Why, Mr. *Lee*, you was once very godly: you was one of those mad *Methodists!*" He answered not a word, but leaned his arm on the table and died.

Sunday, Feb. 5. In the morning, while I was applying at the New Chapel that solemn declaration, *The Lord's hand is not shortened that he cannot save, nor is his ear waxed heavy, thrt he cannot hear*, He did indeed speak aloud to his word, so that the stout-hearted trembled. I broke out into prayer: the power of God came mightily upon us, and there was a general cry. But the voice of two persons prevailed over all the rest. One praying, and the other shrieking as in the agonies of death. God relieved the former in a few minutes; the other, not till evening.

This week in travelling I read over Dr. *Stuart's* History of *Scotland*. He is a writer indeed! As far above Dr. *Robertson*, as Dr. *Robertson* is above *Oldmison*. He proves beyond all possibility of doubt, that the charges against Queen *Mary*, were totally groundless; that she was betrayed basely by her own servants, from the beginning to the end: and that she was not only one of the best Princesses then in *Europe*, but one of the most blameless, yea, and the most pious women!

Monday 13. I went to *Mitcham*, and found a little company just started up, who were all on fire for God. The house being too small, I preached at the front of a house, adjoining to the road

road: where the earneſtneſs of the people made amends for the keenneſs of the North wind.

Sunday 19. I preached in *Horſleydown* Church, where (to my no ſmall ſurprize) no man, woman or child, ſeemed to know me, either by face or by name! But before I had done, many of the numerous congregation knew that God was there of a truth.

Monday 20. I paid my laſt viſit to that Saint of God, *Ann Shorland*, dying of a Cancer in her breaſt, in continual pain, but triumphing over pain and death.

Sunday 26. I took a ſolemn leave of the congregation at the *New Chapel*, at *Weſt-Street*, and at *Brentford*. Monday 27, we went on to *Newbury*, with little interruption from the ſnow; and I had a comfortable opportunity, with a large and ſerious congregation. But I have not paſſed ſuch a night for theſe forty years, my lodging room being juſt as cold as the outward air. I could not ſleep at all till three in the morning. I roſe at four and ſet out at five. But the ſnow which fell in the night lay ſo deep, it was with much difficulty we reached *Chippenham*. Taking freſh horſes there, we puſhed on to *Bath*, and found a larger congregation than could well be expected.

Wedneſday, March 1. I had appointed to preach in *Trowbridge* at noon. But we could not get thither till half an hour after. I then preached without delay: and in the evening in *Briſtol*, on *O death, where is thy ſting, O grave, where is thy victory!* Afterwards I viſited one, who could ſay with Mr. *de Renty*, "I bear with me an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the preſence of the ever-bleſſed Trinity." In the afternoon I went over to *Kingswood*, and found the ſchool in excellent order. Sunday 5, I read prayers and preached, and adminiſtered the ſacrament to above five hundred communi-

cants. At three I preached in *Temple* Church; and at five in the New Room: on Friday I baptized a young Negro, who appeared to be deeply ſerious and much affected, as indeed did the whole congregation. Saturday 11, I rode over to *Churchill*, about twelve miles from *Briſtol*, where Dr. *Barry* read prayers, and I preached to a ſerious congregation.

Monday 13. I left *Briſtol*, taking Mr. *Bradburn* with me, as I judged a change of place and of objects, would be a means of calming his mind, deeply affected with the loſs of a beloved wife. In the evening I preached at *Stroud*: Tueſday 14, at noon in *Painſwick*, with uncommon liberty, and in the evening at *Glouceſter*. I preached in the Old Church (now vaniſhed away) belonging to St. *Bartholomew's* Hoſpital, which I think was very conſiderably larger than the New Chapel in *London*.

Wedneſday 15. Much ſnow fell in the night, and quite blocked up the road. Yet with ſome difficulty we got through, to *Tewkſbury*, where I preached at noon. Abundance of ſnow likewiſe fell in the afternoon; but we puſhed through it to *Worceſter*. Thurſday 16, it was not without ſome difficulty, that we made our way through the ſnow to *Bewdly*. Prejudice is here now vaniſhed away. The life of Mr. *Clark* turned the tide: and much more his glorious death. I preached about noon, and at *Worceſter* in the evening, where we had an uncommon bleſſing while I was enforcing, *Thou ſhalt have no other gods before me*.

Friday 17. At eleven I preached at *Bengeworth*, and again at ſix in the evening: I believe, not without effect. Saturday 18, I went on ſtraight to *Birmingham*. Sunday 19, a large congregation attended in the morning. At ten I went to St. *Mary's*, where the Curate preached an admirable ſermon. At five the Preaching-houſe would

not

not near contain the congregation. Afterwards I adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper to about five hundred communicants.

Monday 20. I met the Select Society, moſt of whom are clearly perfected in love. Tueſday 21, at three in the afternoon I preached at *Quinton*, in the new Preaching-houſe, and in the evening at *Birmingham*. To-day I read Dr. *Withering's* Treatiſe on *Foxglove*. He ſays, it frequently cures Epilepſies, Palſies, Inſanity, Conſumptions, and ſeveral other diſeaſes. Sunday 26, the Church, as uſual, was far too ſmall to contain the congregation.

I preached on Rev. xiv. 1——7, and exhorted the congregation, to cheriſh that divine ambition, of being found *faultleſs before God*. We had another large congregation in the afternoon, and all ſerious as death. I ſpent the evening at a neighbouring gentleman's houſe, in cloſe converſation from the beginning to the end.

Tueſday 21. After calling at *Sheriff-Hales*, and giving them a ſhort exhortation, I haſtened to *Stafford*, and found the congregation waiting. I ſtrongly enforced upon them, *The kingdom of God is at hand;* and then went on to *Lane-End*. It was paſt ſeven, and the wind was piercing cold. However I was conſtrained to preach abroad: and none of us ſeemed to regard the weather, for God warmed our hearts.

I forgot to mention, that the evening before, *Madeley* Church was thoroughly filled: and God reſerved the great bleſſing for the laſt. We had a glorious opportunity. He poured the dew of his bleſſing on many ſouls, and cauſed many mourners to rejoice with joy unſpeakable.

Wedneſday 29. We came to our old ſteady friends at *Borſlem*. But he, with whom I uſed to lodge, is no more ſeen: he truſted the *Americans* with all his ſubſtance: and they cheated him out of all. So he came home and died,

leaving an amiable widow, and ſix or ſeven children.

Cold as it was, the multitude of people conſtrained me to preach abroad. But I believe none went away. I preached on *Truly our fellowſhip is with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt.* We have ſcarce ſeen ſuch a time ſince we came from *London.* The place ſeemed to be filled with his glory.

After viſiting *Newcaſtle* and *Congleton* on Saturday, April 1, I came to *Macclesfield.* Here again I had the ſatisfaction to find a people much alive to God. Sunday 2, we had a large and ſerious congregation at the New Church, both morning and afternoon. The organ is one of the fineſt toned I ever heard, and the congregation ſinging with it, make a ſweet harmony. Monday 3, About eleven I preached to a crowded congregation in the new houſe near *Chapel-in-le-Frith.* Many of theſe lively people came from among the mountains, and ſtrongly reminded me of thoſe fine verſes wherein Dr. *Burton* paraphraſes thoſe plain words, "The hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and ſo are the ſtony rocks for the conies."

"Te, domine, intonſi montes, te ſaxa loquentur
Summa deum, dum amat juga pendulus Hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebroſa cuniculus antra."

It is chiefly among theſe enormous mountains, that ſo many have been awakened, juſtified, and ſoon after perfected in love. But even while they are full of love, Satan ſtrives to puſh many of them to extravagance. This appears in ſeveral inſtances. 1. Frequently three or four, yea, ten or twelve, pray aloud all together. 2. Some of them, perhaps many, ſcream all together as loud as they poſſibly can. 3. Some of them uſe improper, yea, indecent expreſſions in prayer.

prayer. 4. Several drop down as dead, and are as ſtiff as a corpſe. But in a while they ſtart up, and cry, Glory! Glory! perhaps twenty times together. Juſt ſo did the *French* Prophets, and very lately the *Jumpers* in *Wales*, bring the real work into contempt. Yet whenever we reprove them, it ſhould be in the moſt mild and gentle manner poſſible.

Tueſday 5. In the evening I preached to a lovely congregation at *Stockport*. Friday 5, I went on as ſwiftly as I could, through *Mancheſter*, *Wigan*, and *Bolton*. Sunday 16, (Eaſter-day) I croſſed over to *Warrington*: where having read prayers, preached and adminiſtered the Lord's-ſupper, I haſtened back to *Bolton*. The houſe was crowded the more, becauſe of five hundred and fifty children, who are taught in our Sunday-ſchools: ſuch an army of them got about me when I came out of the Chapel, that I could ſcarce diſengage myſelf from them.

Monday 17. I went on to *Blackburn*, which was ſufficiently crowded, it being the Fair-day; no houſe would contain the people. So I ſtood abroad and expounded that awful Scripture, *I ſaw the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God.* All were ſtill as night, unleſs when they ſung. Then their voices were as the ſound of many waters.

Tueſday 18. I preached at *Paddiham*, *Burnly*, *Southfield*, and *Coln*. Thurſday 20, I went to *Otley*, and found God was there, both in the evening and morning ſervice. Friday 21, I preached at *Yeadon*, where the work of God is rapidly going forward. Such a company of loving children I have no where ſeen, but at *Oldham*, near *Mancheſter*. Sunday 23, I preached in *Haworth* Church in the morning, and *Bingley* Church in the afternoon. But as there were many hundreds that could not get in, Mr. *Atmore* preached abroad at the ſame time: in the evening I preached to a huge multitude at

Bradforth. Surely the people of this town are highly favoured, having both a Vicar and a Curate that preach the truth.

Monday 24. I preached at *Halifax:* Tuesday 25, at ten in *Heptonstall* Church (the ugliest I know) and in the afternoon at *Todmorden* Church. How changed are both the place and the people, since I saw them first.

"Lo! the smiling fields are glad! And the human savages are tame!"

Thursday 27. I preached at *Greatland* at ten, and at *Huddersfield* in the evening. Friday 28, I preached at *Longwood*-house, the owners of which are a blessing to all the poor, both in spirituals and temporals. Saturday 29, the wind drove us in the evening into the Cloth-hall, in *Gildersan*, where I expounded and applied, *The things that are seen are temporal: but the things that are not seen are eternal!*

Sunday 30. I preached in the new house at *Dewsbury*, as I had intended. I could not preach abroad at *Birstal* at noon, because of the boisterous wind. I got some shelter from it at *Wakefield*, while I applied those words in one of the *Psalms* for the day, *He healeth them that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.* On Monday, May 1, and Tuesday I preached at *Leeds:* on Wednesday at the Church at *Horsefort*, with a remarkable blessing. Thursday 4, preaching at *Tadcaster* in the way, in the evening I preached at *York.* Sunday 7, in the morning I preached in St. *Saviour's* Church, thoroughly filled with serious hearers: and in the afternoon at St. *Margaret's*, which was over-filled, many being constrained to go away. We had a Love-feast in the evening, at which many artlessly testified what God had done for their souls. I have not for many years known this Society in so prosperous a condition. This is undoubtedly owing, first to the exact discipline, which has

for

for some time been observed among them; and next, to the strongly and continually exhorting the believers, to *go on to perfection.*

Monday 8. I preached about one in the new house at *Ealingwood*, and in the evening at *Thirst*. Tuesday 9, I went on to *Richmond*. I alighted according to his own desire, at *Archdeacon Blackburn's* house. How lively and active was he some years ago! I find, he is two years younger than me: but he is now a mere old man, being both blind, and deaf, and lame! Who maketh thee to differ? He durst not ask me to preach in his Church, "For fear some body should be offended." So I preached at the head of the Street, to a numerous congregation: all of whom stood as still, (although it rained all the time) and behaved as well as if we had been in the Church.

Thursday 11. I rode through a lovely country to *Barnardcastle*, and found much life in the congregation. Friday 11, about noon, we came to *Appleby*, the county town of *Cumberland*: a very large room being provided, I preached with much liberty, and then cheerfully went on to *Penrith*.

In my way hither I looked over Lord *Bacon's* ten Centuries of Experiments. Many of them are extremely curious: and many may be highly useful. Afterwards I read Dr. *Anderson's* account of the *Hebrides*: how accurate and sensible a Writer! But how clearly does he shew, That through the ill-judged Salt, the Herring-fishery there, which might be of great advantage, is so effectually destroyed; that the King's Revenue therefrom is annihilated! Yea, that it generally, at least frequently turns out, some thousand pounds worse than nothing!

Friday 12. I preached at *Carlisle*, and Saturday 13, after a long day's journey, at *Glasgow*. After spending three days here fully employed, on

Wednesday

Wednesday 17, we went on to *Edinburgh*. Here likewise I had much and pleasant work: on Friday 19, I went forward to *Dundee*, and on Saturday 20, to *Arbroth*: where I spent the Lord's day in the Lord's work.

Monday 22. Having a long day's journey before us, we set out at half hour past three, So we came only to *Aberdeen*: Wednesday 24, we had an exceeding solemn parting, as I reminded them, that we could hardly expect to see each other's face any more, till we met in *Abraham's* bosom.

Thursday 25. We set out early: but when we came to *Bervey*, the Inn was full: there was no room for man or beast. So were constrained to go a double stage, to *Montrose*. But the storm was so high, we could not pass for several hours: however we reached *Arbroth* soon after six. And a large congregation was deeply attentive, while I applied, *To him that hath shall be given: but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even what he assuredly hath.*

The storm was still so high, that unless we set out at night, we could not pass till nine in the morning. So we went on board at eleven: the wind was then so strong, that the boat could scarce keep above water. However our great Pilot brought us safe to land, between one and two in the morning. Saturday 27, about three we came to the *New Inn*, and rested till between six and seven: thence going gently on to *Kinghorn*, we had a pleasant passage to *Leith*. After preaching I walked to my lovely lodging at *Coates*, and found rest was sweet.

Sunday 28. I preached first at our own house, and at noon on the *Castle-hill*: I never saw such a congregation there before. The chair was placed just opposite to the sun. But I soon forgot it, while I expounded those words, *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.* In the evening

evening the whole audience ſeemed to feel *Without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord.*

Tueſday 30. I had the happineſs of converſing with the Earl of H—— and his Lady, at *Dunbar:* I could not but obſerve, both the eaſineſs of his behaviour, (ſuch as we find in all the *Scottiſh* Nobility) and the fineneſs of his appearance, greatly ſet off, by a milk-white head of hair. Wedneſday 31, I took a view of the ſtupendous bridge, about ten miles from *Dunbar*, which is thrown over the deep glen that runs between the two mountains, commonly called, *The Peas.* I doubt, whether *Lewis* the XIVth. ever raiſed ſuch a bridge as this.

In the evening I preached at *Berwick-upon Tweed*: Thurſday, June 1, at *Alnwick.* Friday 3, I was deſired to lay the firſt ſtone of the Preaching-houſe there: a very large congregation attending, we ſpent ſome time on the ſpot, in ſolemn prayer, and ſinging praiſe to God. About noon I preached in the Town-hall at *Morpeth:* in the evening at *Newcaſtle.* How different is the ſpirit of this congregation, to that of moſt of thoſe I have ſeen lately?

Whitſunday, June 4. I preached at eight to an amazing congregation, at the *Ballaſt-hill:* but it was doubled by that at the *Fell*, in the afternoon. But it was ſuppoſed that at the *Garth-heads* in the evening, was as large as both together.

On Monday and Tueſday the congregation was larger than I ever remember: Wedneſday 7, at five we had a ſolemn parting. About noon I preached at *North-Shields*, in a tent erected near the town, to a very numerous congregation. In the evening I preached at *Sunderland:* about eleven on Friday, I preached in the Church at *Monk-Wearmouth*, on thoſe words in the ſecond Leſſon, *If thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.* Friday 19, I preached at *Durham* about eleven, and in the evening at *Hartlepool:*

Hartlepool: I preached in the Town-hall, where many appeared to be very deeply affected. Surely the ſeed will ſpring up at leaſt even here, where we ſeemed ſo long to be ploughing on the ſand.

Saturday 10. I went to *Darlington*. Since I was here laſt, Mr. ——— died, and left many thouſand pounds to an idle ſpend-thrift, but not one groat to the poor! O unwiſe Steward of the mammon of unrighteouſneſs! How much better for him, had he died a beggar!

Sunday 11. I was obliged in the evening to preach abroad: afterward we had a Love-feaſt, at which many plain people ſpoke the height and depth of Chriſtian experience, in the moſt plain and artleſs manner.

Monday 12. We found ſtill at *Stockton* much fruit of *S. Briſco's* labours among the children. I preached here at noon, and at *Yarm* in the evening. Tueſday 13, the Preaching-houſe at *Hutton-Rudby* was well filled at nine. When I came to *Giſborough*, where I had no thought of preaching, I found the congregation waiting. So I began without delay, and it was a time of love. We had a warm ride in the afternoon to *Whitby*, where it has pleaſed God fully to make up the removal of *William Ripley*, who was for many years a burning and a ſhining light. In the evening the houſe was well filled with people and with the power of God. And after preaching four times, I was no more tired than when I roſe in the morning.

Thurſday 15. I found the work of God at *Scarborough*, more lively than it had been for many years. Friday 16, in the evening, I preached at *Burlington-Key*, to a numerous congregation. Saturday 17, I found Mr. *Parker* at *Beverley* in a palace. The gentleman that owned it being gone abroad, it was let at a moderate rent. I preached here at twelve: about four

at

at *Newlands*, and at ſeven in *Hull*. Sunday 18, I was invited by the Vicar to preach in the High Church, one of the largeſt pariſh Churches in *England*. I preached on the Goſpel for the day, the ſtory of *Dives* and *Lazarus*. Being invited to preach in the afternoon, the Church was, if poſſible, more crowded than before: and I preſſed home the Prophet's words, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near*. Who would have expected a few years ſince, to ſee me preaching in the High Church at *Hull*? I had appointed to preach at *Swinſleet*: ſo I went as far as *Beverley* this evening. And on Monday 19, ſet out early: but being vehemently importuned to go round by *Malton*, I did ſo, and preached there at nine. Thence I haſtened to *Pocklinton*, and finding the people ready, ſtepped out of the chaiſe, and preached without delay: we reached *Swinſleet* between ſix and ſeven, having gone in all, ſeventy-ſix miles. A numerous congregation was aſſembled under the ſhade of the tall trees. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof. But ſtill I was no more tired than when I roſe in the morning. Tueſday 20, I preached in *Crowle* at noon, and in the evening at *Epworth*.

Wedneſday 21. I preached at *Scotter* at nine, and at one in *Brigg*, in an open part of the town. All were ſtill as night; the very boys and girls ſtanding as quiet as their parents: indeed it ſeemed that the hearts of all were as melting wax before the Lord. In the evening, the people flocking together on every ſide, I was conſtrained to preach in the Market-place at *Grimſby*: where every one behaved well, except the *Calviniſt* Preacher! Thurſday 22, in the evening I preached at *Lowth*. I never ſaw this people affected before. Friday 23, at nine I preached at *Tealby*, where many of the people felt that God was with them in an uncommon manner.

Having

Having now given a ſecond reading to *Fingal*, rendered into Heroic verſe, I was thoroughly convinced, it is one of the fineſt Epic Poems in the *Engliſh* Language. Many of the lines are worthy of Mr. *Pope:* many of the incidents are deeply pathetic: and the character of *Fingal* exceeds any in *Homer*, yea, and *Virgil* too. No ſuch ſpeech comes out of his mouth, as

"Sum pius Æneas, fama ſuper æthera notus:"

No ſuch thing in his conduct, as the whole affair of *Dido* is in the *Trojan* Hero. Mean time, who is *Ewen Cameron?* Is it not Dr. *Blair?* And is not one great part of this publication, to aggrandize the character of the old *Highlanders*, as brave, hoſpitable, generous men?

In the evening I preached to a large congregation at *Gainſborough*, in Sir *Nevil Hickman's* yard. But Sir *Nevil* is no more, and has left no ſon: ſo the very name of that antient family is loſt! And how changed is the houſe ſince I was young, and good Sir *Willoughby Hickman* lived here! One of the towers is ſaid to have been built in the reign of King *Stephen*, above ſix hundred years ago. But it matters not: yet a little while, and the earth itſelf with all the works of it will be burnt up.

Saturday 24. I preached at *New Inn*; afterwards at *Newark*, one of the moſt elegant towns in *England*; and in the evening at *Retford*, on *I ſaw the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God.*

Sunday 25. I preached at *Miſterton*. I was grieved to ſee ſo ſmall a congregation at *Haxey* Church. It was not ſo when Mr. *Harle* lived here. O what a curſe in this poor land are Pluralities and Non-reſidence! But theſe are evils that God alone can cure.

Abou

About one I preached ot *Overthorp*, where the ſpreading trees ſheltered both me and the congregation, But we had a far larger at *Epworth*, between four and five in the afternoon. Surely God will viſit this place yet again, and lift up them that are fallen.

Monday 26. I read prayers and preached in *Ownſton* Church, thoroughly filled with attentive hearers: and again at nine in the morning. Tueſday 27, at one in the afternoon I preached at *Belton*. While I was preaching, three little children, the eldeſt ſix years old, the youngeſt two and a half, whom their mother had left at dinner, ſtraggled out, and got to the ſide of a well, which was near the houſe. The youngeſt leaning over, fell in: the others ſtriving to pull it out, the board gave way, in conſequence of which, they all fell in together. The young one fell under the bucket, and ſtirred no more: the others held for a while by the ſide of the well, and then ſunk into the water, where it was ſuppoſed they lay half an hour. One coming to tell me, I adviſed, immediately to rub them with ſalt, and to breathe ſtrongly into their mouths. They did ſo, but the young one was paſt help: the others in two or three hours were as well as ever.

Wedneſday 28. I entered into the eighty-third year of my age. I am a wonder to myſelf. It is now twelve years, ſince I have felt any ſuch ſenſation as wearineſs. I am never tired, (ſuch is the goodneſs of God!) either with writing, preaching, or travelling: one natural cauſe undoubtedly is, my continual exerciſe and change of air. How the latter contributes to health I know not: but certainly it does.

This morning *Abigail Pilſworth*, aged fourteen, was born into the world of ſpirits. I talked with her the evening before: and found her ready for the bridegroom. A few hours after, ſhe

quietly fell asleep. When we went into the room where her remains lay, we were surprized. A more beautiful corpse I never saw: we all sung,

"Ah lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair!
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare!"

All the company were in tears. And in all, except her mother, who sorrowed, (but not as one without hope;) they were tears of joy. O death, were is thy sting!

London, Jan. 20, 1789.

F I N I S.